

The Nation.

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CONTENTS.

THE WEEK.....	97	LITERATURE:	
MINOR TOPICS.....	100	Literary Notes.....	112
Colonization at the South.....	102	Smith's Concise Dictionary.....	114
Our Indian Policy.....	102	Hereward.....	115
Moral Apathy and Immoral Antipathy	103	Tuscan Sculptors.....	116
Consuls.....	104	Bushnell's Vicarious Sacrifice.....	117
A Worthy Ditty: Poetry.....	106	SCIENCE:	
Pews.....	107	Scientific Notes.....	130
Certain Things in Naples.....	108	FINE ARTS:	
The South as It Is.....	110	French and Belgian Schools of Art..	121
CORRESPONDENCE:		FINANCIAL REVIEW.....	125
Paper too Fine.....	111		
Southern Welcome to Northern Ideas	112		

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JOSEPH H. RICHARDS, PUBLISHER, 130 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

The Week.

CONGRESS, to the surprise of most people, has admitted the negro to vote in the District of Columbia, and without any qualification. We wish, for our part, it had insisted, when doing away with the color qualification, upon every man's knowing how to read before exercising the franchise. The opportunity was a good one for setting an example that the States might have followed, and the great principle of equality before the law would have been as firmly established by a measure of this kind as by the one which has been passed. Pictures are now being drawn in some quarters of the dreadful effect which this vote will have in "irritating" the whites of the District; but it is really time that we had heard the last of this argument. If justice can only be done, and the Government can only keep faith with the blacks, by irritating a portion of the whites, the latter must get used to being irritated, and the Government to irritating them. Four years ago this precious sophism was put in the foreground of the battle against emancipation, and events have revealed its value. The only way in which the blacks could completely avoid giving offence to any of their fellow-citizens would be to betake themselves out of the world; but, from so benighted and degraded a race, devotion of this kind to the public comfort is hardly to be expected.

THERE is a scheme on foot to equalize the bounty of all volunteers who served during the war. It appears there has been already paid in bounties upwards of three hundred millions of dollars, or nearly one-tenth of the national debt. If each man who served were paid, as is proposed, as much as would bring his bounty up to four hundred dollars, three hundred millions more would be necessary, making in all nearly one-fifth of the national debt. This calculation does not include State bounties, which were probably as much more, and it must be remembered that every cent of this money was borrowed and is still due. If, therefore, the payment of the recruiting expenses of all the States were to be assumed by the general Government, as has been proposed, the total amount would probably reach nearly two thousand millions—all paid for bribing men to do their duty. The whole bounty system was one of the most frightful sources of corruption ever opened on an afflicted people. An attempt to equalize the bounties would open another almost as bad, and would call from their lairs once more a whole swarm of unclean animals in the shape of claim agents, whose frauds and rascality would throw the bounty-brokers of the war, bad as these were, completely into the shade. What Congress ought to be doing,

instead of considering such preposterous schemes as this, is framing a good militia law, which would give us a trained army of the bone and sinew of the country whenever we wanted it, on short notice.

WE believe the accounts received by prominent commercial houses in this city from their agents at the South represent a great change as having come over both planters and negroes since Christmas, and the relations of the two parties as being now very much more cordial and encouraging than they were two or three months ago. The negroes have got over their dream of having the land divided amongst them on the opening of the new year, and the planters have got over their absurd fear of a general insurrection on Christmas Day, with the usual accompaniment of arson and murder. Contracts are therefore now being freely made, and with a good prospect of their being fairly kept on both sides. There is nobody, we are satisfied, in the whole Union, who will not feel devoutly thankful if the labor problem of the South can only be settled in this way.

IN the effervescence of Mexican affairs, an atom of trouble for us has been thrown to the top. The Liberals have taken Bagdad, and, it is said, taken it with the help of American soldiers. Bagdad, like most other places on this continent which have inherited the names of famous towns, is probably of no great importance, and the gravity of the case is merely in the assistance we are supposed to have given. General Sheridan declares from his post at New Orleans that he does not believe any of our soldiers were concerned in the capture. *Apropos* of Mexican affairs, General Weitzel, having protested against the execution of seventeen Republicans captured by the Imperialists as a "horrible barbarity," has received a direct snub from General Mejia, who declares the prisoners in question to be bandits, and informs General Weitzel that he will hereafter return, unanswered, all letters couched in the language of his protest.

MR. EMERSON ETHERIDGE, who does not approve of the President personally, does approve of the presidential policy of reconstruction. He says in a recent letter, that the Union's and the President's best friends will be found among those who have been their worst enemies; while the people at the South who will be found most unfriendly to the restoration of good government, are those dark spirits who wish to have the presence of the troops continued there for the protection of the rights of life and property; or, as Mr. Etheridge expresses it, for the purpose of increasing the calamities of our Southern brethren, and augmenting their humiliation. There is no doubt that, on this principle, Mr. Etheridge is the friend of the President *par excellence*.

THE re-election of Mr. Sherman to the Senate from Ohio, by a vote of 94 to 41, is to be regarded as no very decided expression of conservative feeling, although General Schenck, who is defeated, is of more radical politics than Mr. Sherman. There was, no doubt, a feeling among many who would otherwise have preferred General Schenck that the course of Mr. Sherman during his past term ought to be approved by re-election, especially as there was no very wide disparity of opinions between the two candidates after all.

MR. JOHN BELL, of Tennessee has written a letter favoring negro suffrage, with a property qualification of \$250; and declaring for the admission of negro testimony in the courts, especially in all cases

which black men are concerned. He believes that their testimony will generally be found as truthful and candid as that of white men of the same degree of education. He forebodes, however, the early extinction of the African race in a state of freedom.

SECRETARY McCULLOCH has brought out in his communication to the House on the subject of the decrease of our commercial marine some facts worth knowing. The loss to us in tonnage during the war is not, as commonly supposed, four or five million tons, but only, in round numbers, nine hundred thousand. Of these, eight hundred thousand were really transferred to foreign owners, and only one hundred thousand were destroyed by pirates—a very much smaller amount than has been usually imagined. But Mr. McCulloch advises against any modification of the act of 1797 that would permit those American owners who have transferred ships to foreign flags during the war to restore them now to American registry, apparently because he believes them to have been guilty of an offence deserving at least such punishment as is involved in a refusal to grant them any indulgence. While all honor is due to those who made heavy sacrifices of their property rather than resort to this expedient to save it, it is, perhaps, but right to consider that many merchants would doubtless have been unable to meet the just claims of creditors if they had refrained from doing so, and that their duty to refuse to adopt it under these circumstances may fairly be doubted in consideration of the fact that the Government afforded them absolutely no protection. During four years they were liable to be plundered with impunity anywhere outside our own harbors, and many had their whole fortunes in their ships. Under these circumstances, it is hard to say that they were not entitled to resort to any means of security that offered itself. And, as to their want of patriotism, it is not quite clear that ship-owners should have been called on to make sacrifices from which the rest of the community were entirely exempt.

THE execution of Mrs. Grider at Pittsburg has furnished the reporters with a splendid opportunity for the display of their very remarkable powers of composition, as the scenes which occurred at the gallows were very revolting, and Mrs. Grider's conduct full of striking "effects." We shall probably now have a series of homilies upon the question of inflicting capital punishment upon women; but there is only one thing which needs to be said about it, and on this the strongest advocates of capital punishment will agree. No matter how illogical it may be to make distinctions between the sexes in punishments, when there is none in the crimes for which the punishments are inflicted, if the hanging of women excites more sympathy for the offender than horror of her crime, it were better not to hang her, for the great object of hanging is not to put the murderer out of existence, but to deter others from imitating him. We shall, however, never find a substitute for hanging, either in the case of male or female criminals, that will satisfy the public, till the discretionary power of pardon in cases of capital punishment is taken away from governors, and everybody else, and a sentence of imprisonment for life is made really irrevocable.

THE Government, in the pursuit of its oblique policy of punishing the treason of rebels under the name of some minor offence, has caused the arrest of the guerilla Mosby. He is charged with having hanged two Union soldiers during the war in retaliation for the alleged murder of some of his men.

OUR special correspondent at the South in a recent letter alluded to certain reports which implicated the commanding officer at Beach Branch, S. C., in certain acts of injustice and cruelty on the part of the planters towards the freedmen. Lieut. Wood, 104th U. S. C. T., assures us that our correspondent was misinformed. He says:

"I was in command at Beach Branch up to Nov. 12, 1865, and nothing of the kind occurred. There is no foundation for the story whatever. My course while in command at Beach Branch was such as to meet the approval of my superior officers. I had but one object in view, and that was to render impartial justice to both black and white."

THERE has been more countermarching in Mexico. The French approached Chihuahua in great force, and President Juarez and his Cabinet retired in great haste. The latter, when last heard from, were at El Paso, while the national forces remained fifty miles from Chihuahua, "annoying the French."

THE young King of the Belgians was received by the people with the liveliest enthusiasm when entering Brussels. Arriving in the market-place Marché-aux-Herbes, such an avalanche of bouquets saluted him that he was obliged to rein in his horses, or leap over the flowers. The populace took advantage of the pause to press close to the King, crying out, "Sire, to-day, as yesterday and always, we are for you and liberty." The young King, who was very pale, clasped the hands extended towards him, and replied, "I know, to-day as always." His brother, the Count of Flanders, was melted to tears, and, letting his bridle-reins fall, bowed to the throng and reiterated his thanks.

GREAT cordiality seems to exist between the Emperor of Austria and the Hungarians. Francis Joseph has received deputations from the Diet, as well as other visits without number, at his Imperial residence of Buda. The correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* relates that his majesty was so overcome by the multitude of these visits that on one occasion he confused the speeches intended for two deputations, and delivered each to the wrong body. But as they both came to nearly the same effect, the deputations, except in respect to some trifling details, were perfectly satisfied.

In her speech at the opening of the Cortes, the Queen of Spain took occasion to declare herself true to the purpose heretofore expressed of respecting the independence of the American states once colonies of Spain. This declaration was made *apropos* of the recognition of San Salvador. The Chilian difficulty is attributed to refusal, on the part of Chili, to make reparation for insults offered to Spain during her difficulties with Peru.

It is announced that Francis II., ex-King of Naples, has no idea of leaving Rome, as long as the Pope remains there, though this may not be long. The Pope, whose cheerfulness has been a matter of surprise, does not disguise his sadness now, nor conceal his fear that the fulfilment of the treaty of September, 1864, will probably be the signal for his withdrawal from Rome.

THE special attention of the reader is directed to the Financial Review on another page. Its place among the advertisements is by no means significant of its value, but is resorted to only that we may obtain the latest intelligence of the market.

CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20, 1866.

THE week closes with one great act of legislative justice accomplished, so far as the passage through the House of Representatives of the negro suffrage bill for this District may be so considered. The debate upon the measure, though too long protracted, developed points of much interest. Its advocates were able to show that the colored people of Washington are the owners of a million and a quarter of property, on which they pay taxes; that they take and read over 5,000 daily newspapers; that they own twenty-one churches and about as many schools, built and maintained almost wholly by their own money; that they furnished a much larger quota of volunteers for the war, in proportion to population, than the white men of the District; that they are as intelligent and moral as any class of people in similar social station; and, finally, that the suffrage to be conferred upon them relates wholly to the municipal affairs of this District, in which their interests are as directly involved as those of the whites. This, it must be admitted, was a strong showing; and no small share of the final success of the measure is due to the fact that its opponents were able to allege nothing against it save the trite and threadbare arguments of negro

inferiority and degradation, which failed to hit the mark of this individual case. Indeed, many of those who voted for this bill are warm opponents of universal negro suffrage.

It is important to explain that the rejection of the amendment requiring the ability to read as a qualification for voting, by the large majority of 64, was owing to the fact that the Democratic members threw their vote solid against it, with the avowed object of making the bill as odious as possible to its more moderate friends. Yet it is significant that not a single vote was lost to the bill because of this defect which would have been thrown for it when providing for qualified suffrage only. This indicates the extraordinary cohesion of the great Union party in the House, which carried this bill through by more than two-thirds majority, although two days before unable to agree in caucus whether or not to go for the naked principle of negro suffrage, without prescribing qualifications therefor. It is proper to state that quite a number of Republicans representing districts in Southern Ohio, Illinois, etc., whose constituencies consist largely of negro-haters, were very qualmish upon making this record. But they made it. The only votes thrown against the bill, besides the 39 Democrats present, were those of nine border slave State Unionists, and six recalcitrant Republicans from the West, three of whom represent Indiana districts. The issue was not "dodged" by any one—twelve members only failing to vote, and those were necessarily absent.

Now that the bill is passed, and it is settled that it will also pass the Senate by nearly as heavy a majority, it is confidently predicted that it will encounter a Presidential veto. If the President is more disposed to conciliate the South than to co-operate with the present Congress in what it deems wise legislation, he will undoubtedly veto not only this measure but many others likely to be enacted. But all outgivings of his purpose are wholly without knowledge on the part of those who make them, the President himself being very reticent regarding his relations to the Congressional majority.

Mr. Stevens's proposition to restore the Southern lawyers to practice in the United States courts without requiring of them an oath which not one in a hundred of them can honestly take, met with unexpected opposition in the House. Although passed by the narrow majority of five, a motion to reconsider was entered, and it is doubtful whether any report in favor of its principle will be made.

That Congress is not wholly bent upon the consolidation of power in the hands of the federal Government, as some persons have feared, was evinced by the very strong vote by which it rejected the bill to charter a great corporation for the purchase and settlement of lands in the late rebel States. It evidently means to leave to the States all that class of subjects relating to partnerships and corporations, so far as they do not affect inter-State commerce or run counter to great national interests.

DIARY.

Monday, January 15, 1866.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented petitions from ministers of the African Methodist Church in Missouri and Illinois, praying for the right of suffrage for the negro in the late rebel States. Referred. A number of petitions were presented praying for further protection to American industry. Referred. Mr. Sherman offered a resolution prohibiting any appointment to the United States Military or Naval Academy of parties who have taken part in the rebellion, and removing a person named in the resolution who had been placed in the Naval Academy on the recommendation of a Kentucky Congressman. The bill securing to all railroads equal rights and privileges was defended at length by Mr. Foot.

In the House, credentials of three representatives elect from Arkansas were referred to the Committee on Reconstruction. Mr. Conkling offered a constitutional amendment basing representation in Congress upon population, excluding all persons to whom the right of suffrage is denied by State laws on account of color. Referred. Mr. Darling moved to instruct the Judiciary Committee to report on the expediency of amending the naturalization laws so as to require ability to read the Constitution as a condition of citizenship. Adopted. Mr. Broomall moved that a vote of the black men of the District of Columbia be taken to decide whether the white men should be allowed the elective franchise. Laid on the table, 133 to 12. Mr. Stevens offered a resolution that the Judiciary Committee report upon the expediency of so modifying the test oath of July 2, 1862, as to allow attorneys to practise their profession without taking said oath. Adopted, 82 to 77. The bill extending suffrage to colored men in the District was debated by Messrs. Kasson and Price.

January 16.—In the Senate, Mr. Chandler offered a resolution declaring non-intercourse with Great Britain, on account of her refusal to make reparation for damages to American commerce by her subjects during the rebellion. Laid on the table—ayes, 25; nays, 12. Mr. Davis spoke three hours against the bill for negro suffrage in the District.

In the House, the joint resolution from the Senate authorizing the Reconstruction Committee to send for persons and papers was adopted—ayes, 126; nays, 55. The dis-

cussion of the District negro suffrage bill was continued by Mr. Julian in its favor, and Messrs. Sitgreaves, Randall, and J. L. Thomas against it.

January 17.—In the Senate, the credentials of W. A. Graham, Senator elect from North Carolina, were received and laid on the table. Mr. Wilson reported a new bill for the organization of the army on the peace establishment. It provides that there shall be hereafter five regiments of artillery, twelve of cavalry, and fifty-five of infantry—ten regiments of the latter to be colored troops. It also provides for one lieutenant-general, five major-generals, and ten brigadier-generals. The bill was postponed. Mr. Doollittle spoke at length against the resolution for provisional governments over the lately rebellious States.

In the House, a bill to incorporate the U. S. Mutual Protection Homestead Company, with a capital of \$3,000,000, and extensive powers to purchase, lease, settle, and convey lands and loan money, with a view to the colonization of the Southern States, was debated. It was opposed as conferring exclusive and almost unlimited privileges on a private corporation, as of doubtful constitutionality, as a dangerous precedent, and as a stride towards consolidation. The bill was laid on the table—ayes, 130; nays, 32. The discussion of the District negro suffrage bill was continued by Messrs. Conkling, Hale, and Van Horn, of New York, and by Mr. Thayer, of Pennsylvania.

January 18.—In the Senate, the bill for the admission of Colorado as a State was reported but not acted upon. A joint resolution for the distribution of 500 copies of the "Writings of James Madison," sending copies to 100 public libraries, to each State and Territory, and to each member of Congress, was passed. Mr. Nesmith, of Oregon, spoke at length in favor of the President's policy, against the doctrine of State suicide, and against negro suffrage. Mr. Wade, of Ohio, made a strong speech in favor of the rights of the four million freedmen and against hasty reconstruction. The Senate passed a bill granting the franking privilege to Mrs. Mary Lincoln.

In the House, the Committee on Claims made an important report against any and all claims presented or to be presented for damages to their property by our army from any citizens of States lately in rebellion. Mr. Jenckes reported the bankrupt bill of last session, with amendments. Made a special order for January 30. The discussion on the District of Columbia negro suffrage bill was concluded, Messrs. Clarke, of Kansas, and Boutwell, of Mass., in its favor, and Mr. Johnson, of Penn., against it. The House then came to a vote on a motion to postpone the bill till March. Lost—ayes, 34; nays, 145. Mr. Hale, of N. Y. (Rep.), moved to recommit the bill, with instructions to amend by restricting the right of suffrage in the District to all persons of whatever color coming within three classes following:

- 1st. Those who can read the Constitution of the United States.
- 2d. Those who pay taxes on property.
- 3d. Those who have served the United States in the war.

Mr. Schenck moved to strike out the property qualification. Carried. The House then refused to recommit the bill for amendment—ayes, 53; nays, 117. The bill was passed—ayes, 116; nays, 54—in its original form, which strikes out the word "white" from all laws and ordinances relating to citizenship in the District of Columbia.

January 19.—In the Senate, the credentials of William Marvin, senator elect from Florida, were presented. Mr. Sumner read letters written from that State, stating that four-fifths of the Legislature elect were rebel officers and that the people of Florida were more hostile to the Government of the United States than ever. Laid on the table. The bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau was taken up. Mr. Hendricks opposed it as expensive and unconstitutional. He said the section confirming for three years the possessory titles to lands granted by General Sherman's field orders was a wholesale confiscation, and beyond the power of Congress. Mr. Trumbull replied at length in defence of the bill, maintaining that the war power of the Government had not ceased, and that the President and Gen. Grant still regarded the South as in insurrection. An amendment was adopted confirming the titles to lands for three years instead of permanently.

In the House, the Naval Appropriation Bill was considered, amended, and laid over. Mr. Deming, of Connecticut, spoke upon reconstruction, opposing premature action, and declaring the general disloyalty of the South. Mr. Smith, of Kentucky, spoke on the other side. Adjourned to January 22.

January 20.—The House was not in session. The Senate passed the bill authorizing the President to appoint pension agents and to define the boundaries of their districts. The bill to extend the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau was taken up. Mr. Cowan moved an amendment restricting its operation to rebel States. Mr. Trumbull objected that this would exclude Kentucky, Maryland, etc., where the late slaves need protection. Mr. Guthrie spoke against it, saying that it was not in the bond of union that Congress should send officers of the Freedmen's Bureau to Kentucky to regulate its domestic relations. Mr. Pomeroy defended the bill. Adjourned to January 22.

THE FREEDMEN.

THE principal facts embodied in Col. Eaton's "Summary Report of the District of Columbia" have been already published by us. An interesting account is given of the Government farms in St. Mary's County, Md., which have produced, "with great economy of labor, the best crops in that section of the State." Thirteen hundred acres, in addition to the gardens of the freedmen, have been under cultivation. "Besides the work on the crops, barns, fences, etc., have been built, and other permanent improvements made." The number of persons on the farms has averaged 500, about half of whom are laborers and receive regular wages. Elsewhere in Maryland the colored people are subjected to many hardships and outrages, including personal assaults, which go unpunished if the assailant is white. The law excludes the negro from bearing testimony in his own behalf, and he is unable to compel the good faith of his employer. The apprenticeship law still causes much

wrong by the unjust separation of families. Col. Eaton says he has aimed "to act not so much by direct authority as to secure the best possible administration of bad laws, and exercise an influence in favor of their speedy amendment." The intelligence offices opened in Washington and Alexandria have proved of the greatest usefulness. From July 21 to November 1, 773 persons obtained work under contract and were registered; and as many more probably were helped to situations. "Several calls for labor have been received from railroad and mining companies at the North, by which the introduction of a large element of colored labor is desired. For various reasons these calls have not yet been answered."

Some trouble has been caused among the freedmen in Mississippi by injudicious addresses and improper interference on the part of officers in no wise connected with the Bureau. Such harangues and intermeddling have been expressly prohibited.

The Alabama planters conspired, on the 1st of January, to reduce the wages of their employees on the expiration of their contracts. The freedmen not only refused to submit to this reduction, but demanded an increase, and it had to be granted before they would renew the contracts. Present wages, including medical attendance, food, and quarters, amount to \$10 for men, and \$8 for women, monthly. The demand for laborers exceeds the supply, especially for field-hands. It is said that over five thousand Northern men are industriously at work in the State.

Great improvement has taken place in Georgia in the relations between the freedmen and their former masters. "Jayhawkers" (*i. e.*, the evil-disposed whites) have been compelled to give over persecuting the freedmen and trying to secure their services at insufficient rates of compensation. The negroes, on their side, are more tractable, respectful, and law-abiding, and disposed to enter into reasonable contracts.

The farmers of Somerset County, Md., recently held a county meeting to fix the prices of labor. These were, omitting details of specific kinds of work, \$10 a month, or \$120 a year, with board, for men, and \$36 for women. They recommend declining "to hire day labor in any department of their business when hands can be more advantageously hired by the month or year."

The James River farmers met at Turkey Island, on the 5th of January, and adopted certain regulations for the purpose of an "Organization of Labor," as follows:

"2d. A first-class field-hand shall be paid by the year \$130—a first-class field-hand shall be paid by the month \$10; a second-class field-hand shall be paid by the year \$105—a second-class field-hand shall be paid by the month \$8; a third-class field-hand shall be paid by the year \$70—a third-class field-hand shall be paid by the month \$5; a first-class woman (field-hand) per month, \$5; a second-class woman (field-hand) per month, \$3.

"4th. Each hand hired by the year shall have deducted a 'per diem' (*pro rata*) for sickness, holidays, or absence by leave of the employer.

"5th. Each hand hired by the month shall be subject to the same deductions as those hired by the year, and, in addition, shall be charged one dollar a month for their fuel during the months of December, January, February, and March.

"6th. For disobedience of orders or insubordination, each hand will be charged one dollar.

"7th. For leaving the farm without permission, one dollar will be charged each hand in addition to the loss of time.

"8th. Each hand will be responsible for injury or loss to the stock and farming utensils, if occasioned by negligence, and the amount deducted from his wages.

"13th. No hand will be employed who has been discharged for misconduct or violation of contract.

"16th. The rations shall be as follows: For men, three pounds of meat per week; for women and boys, two pounds of meat per week, or its equivalent. For men, fifteen pounds of meal per week; for women and boys, twelve pounds of meal per week."

These wages are professed by those offering them, among whom are some of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of Virginia, to be "fair and liberal." It is hard to guess what they mean, or on what grounds they have the effrontery to face the world with such a claim. Taking the several qualifications into consideration, we believe that no farmer would expect to obtain laborers at much less than twice these rates in those parts of the Union which have not been ravaged by war, where the laborer's government exists by consent, and measurably under the control of the laborer; where, in case of dispute with his employer, he can expect to have justice administered by courts of law before which both parties will appear on equal terms; where the laborer's

children are provided with education with little or no expense to himself, and where his ambition to improve their condition and his own is respected and encouraged.

—A correspondent of the *New York Times*, dating at Richmond, January 18, states that

"Throughout the whole State county meetings have been held for the purpose of fixing prices of labor, and in many instances they have been liberal and generous, while in others they have agreed on rates which will be ruinous to the working-classes and productive of trouble in the future. The reports of these meetings," adds the same observer, "conclusively prove the fact that equal and fair-handed justice will not be rendered in every instance unless forced by the Freedmen's Bureau or some similar organization. Property-holders are naturally prone to get as much labor as possible for a small outlay of money, and, with this desire, the reluctance to give up supreme control of the negro combines in producing concerted movements to grind and oppress the emancipated blacks."

With regard to the social condition of the late capital of the rebellion the correspondent of the *Times* says:

"Garroting and other similar means of attack, for the purpose of robbery, are nightly occurrences, and the columns of the local newspapers teem with accounts of such assaults upon every class of people here, high and low, white and black. . . . It seems as if a moral ulcer had fastened itself upon this section, and, eating its way to the vitals, threatens to permeate the entire body politic. The characteristic recklessness of the Southern people fosters the growth of this deplorable tendency, and it is also strengthened by the poverty and despondency entailed on this people by the result of the war. The intelligent classes are more or less affected, which statement is proven in the fact that they are partially indifferent to the startling and daily increasing amount of wickedness with which they are surrounded."

—The New York National Freedmen's Relief Association has published its Fourth Annual Report. Its income in 1865 was \$291,624, of which \$139,926 were contributed in cash and \$135,978 in goods. England (chiefly), and France, Switzerland, and Holland, have contributed of money \$40,690, and of goods \$37,853. Its disbursements have been mainly for supplies for the relief of the physical needs of the freedmen; \$181,030 have been expended or are in process of distribution for this purpose; \$60,590 were paid for salaries of teachers, disbursing agents, superintendents, and officers. The Association has 206 teachers in the South. They have about 10,000 pupils under their charge, exclusive of the adults in the night-schools. It supports two colored Orphan Homes—one in Florida and one in South Carolina. After the present winter the Association will, practically, re-organize as an Educational Commission, although it may still retain its present name. Of course it needs, and will continue to need, the support of the liberal. The president is Francis George Shaw, and the treasurer, Joseph B. Collins, 40 Wall Street.

Minor Topics.

THE electric telegraph is usually so prompt in imparting to the press throughout the country a knowledge of public events at Washington that we are rather surprised to have found no reference in the despatches of the daily papers to the visit which Master Richard Coker has paid to the President. For information touching the occurrence we have been obliged to wait the slow processes of the post, which has at last brought us the facts in the *Washington Republican*.

Had there been among the conductors of our daily press a tithe of the enterprise which should animate them, we should have had at least three dispatches from Washington concerning the visit of Master Coker to the President. The *Post* would have announced:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5, 12 M.

"Master Coker has given the President an interview at the White House."

And the *Tribune* of the following day would have declared:

"The *Herald* report that Master Coker had called upon the President is understood to be a newspaper hoax."

To which a later edition of the *Times* would have added:

"Master Coker has called upon Mr. Johnson. There is no truth in the report that he tried to assassinate the President."

But no effort was made by the daily press of New York thus to rescue this event from oblivion, and, except for us, the metropolis might have gone for ever empty of information so valuable. Our task

is all the more difficult from the fact that we must ground the unblushing public in the knowledge that Master Richard Coker is a distinguished juvenile vocalist; whereas, if the affair had been telegraphed from Washington, every one would have been ashamed to confess that he knew nothing of Master Coker, who "is thirteen years of age, and possesses a wonderful soprano voice." These gifts qualified him to go and pay his respects to the President, which he did, receiving Mr. Johnson's felicitations upon his great success in what the *Republican*, with a very pretty stroke of rhetoric, calls "the vocal world," if, indeed, the President did not himself use the elegant periphrasis. In return for this politeness, Master Coker, "who possesses good conversational powers" (newspaperee for talks well), no less than a wonderful soprano voice, took the President to task for living in such poor style. Master Coker said, in his fine conversational way, that if he were President he would have richer and more beautiful things about him. This must have taken Mr. Johnson somewhat aback, but he was evidently not to be put down by good conversational powers, for he rallied, and, placing his hand on Master Coker's head, replied:

"You must remember that in this country we judge of men by their intellectual greatness and moral worth, and not by their wealth or position."

He might have added that this was a nation which rather begrudges its chief-magistrate a well-furnished house; that it had been possible for the press to accuse the widow of a President of carrying away the very rubbish in the White House which awakened Master Coker's disdain; and that he ought to have some respect for it because the Republic prized it so highly. These reasons for living shabbily would have come home to a youth of Master Coker's conversational powers, we think; but perhaps he also appreciated the reasons the President did give, which, if not quite a candid response to Master Coker's remark, had at least the charm of novelty. The *Republican* trusts that the President's lesson "will not be lost upon him in his future visit to the glittering and princely courts of Europe," and we hope that the advertisement of his visit will be no loss to the distinguished juvenile vocalist's friends, who probably intend to take him to the glittering and princely courts in question, after first making our own public acquainted with so famous a singer. We think Master Coker could make the crowned heads a suggestion or two which would improve them; and we confess that we greatly enjoy the whole affair of his visit to the President. It betrays a quickness of expedient in his friends which augurs well for the vocalist's future, and shows how a frightfully over-worked public servant can be turned to practical account even in moments of relaxation.

THE trial of the suit brought by Mr. Swanborough, of the Birmingham Theatre, against the comedian, Mr. Sothern, for a breach of engagement, has developed some very odious traits of human nature. The engagement was made last autumn, just before Mr. Sothern's malady of the throat obliged him to submit to an operation, and it was in consequence of the severity of the disorder that he broke the contract, and refused to appear more than five of the seventeen nights agreed upon with Mr. Swanborough. But, the first night of all, Mr. Sothern had disappointed the audience by failure to play, and the manager had to return the people their money, as well as some four or five pounds claimed by dead-heads, who had paid nothing to come in. After this the Birmingham play-goers became very cold and critical, and Mr. Swanborough lost a good deal of money by his engagement with Mr. Sothern, although the comedian appeared in that character of *Lord Dundreary* which elsewhere had never failed to draw vast houses. The manager had recourse to the expedient of *papering* in order to fill his theatre, but the audiences thus admitted on free passes, though encouraging in numbers, were but lukewarm and niggardly in applause; and Mr. Sothern, speaking from a shrewd observation of human nature over the foot-lights, said that "a paper audience was not like a pay audience—there was a coldness about it—paper was never lively."

It must be confessed that there is a disagreeable analogy between the characteristics displayed by the Birmingham dead-heads and those which mankind generally exhibits toward benefactors; and it need not take us long to get over the shock of surprise and indignation with

which we learn that people who go into theatres for nothing are so ungenerous as to withhold applause habitually. It is known to most Christian moralists how exceedingly slow men who enjoy the bounty of Providence are to acknowledge the goodness which gives them health, riches, and station; whereas, persons who have neither are very grateful for them. Indeed, we fear that, in proportion as we are papered in this world, we are pitiless and proud. The favor seems a tribute to our merit, and it behooves benefactors to look well to the quality of their benefits if they wish to win our approval. When we pay our money for a thing, we are ourselves concerned in finding it good; but if we borrow or beg it, we judge it with unqualified severity.

This principle accounts not only for the liveliness of pay as contrasted with paper in theatres, but for a great deal of ill-nature in life. Does any one suppose, for example, that the critics would be so savage if they had to buy the books they cut up? But having the volumes given to them by the large-hearted publishers and generous authors, how mercilessly they tear them to pieces! How the cruel rogues gloat over the destruction they occasion, and swell with scorn, and talk of "the volume of ridiculous trash before us," and "the absurd twaddler who has printed the present collection of rhyme," and so on! Of course, the people who buy the books are never guilty of this ingratitude. They put them into their libraries, and lay them on their parlor tables, and say nothing about them, and a purchased volume seldom meets with criticism except from somebody who borrows it. One of the most terrible censors of the public press of whom we ever heard was a person who took no papers but those he found in his neighbor's area. It is the same with the art critics, as they call themselves. Has any one ever heard of an art critic buying a picture or a statue? They abuse because they do not buy the artists' works, and come away from the exhibitions, where they have seen the pictures for nothing, and write terrible disquisitions on the creation of the world, and knock the poor painters about with the hard words of abstract aesthetics. The fat, good-natured purchaser of Mahlstick's "View of the Fulton Ferry-boat by Starlight" never has anything to say about Fra Angelico or Bellini, but has a habit of taking his friends up to the picture, after dinner, and pointing out the merit of the smoke-stack and getting orders for Mahlstick. He has paid his money and he applauds, and even if he fancies the picture bad he says nothing, on the same principle that boys who give their money to see a calf with six legs never expose the imposture on coming out of the show, and it is left to some rogue who has stolen in under the curtain to issue forth and denounce the monster as in nowise agreeing with his portrait on the posters.

The principle is of universal application. If we buy a bottle of wine to grace the dinner we give a friend, we do not cry out that it is beastly stuff, though our friend has no reserve in giving this opinion behind our backs, and making a wry face before us. Who is it creates the clamor about accidents on the best-managed railroads in the world? We fear it is the gentlemen of the press, who travel on free passes; and it is certain that if any church-goer finds a sermon dull, it is some casual hearer, invited into the pew of a member who has paid a thousand dollars for the pew, and thinks the sermon refreshing. It is universally granted that mothers love best those sickly and peevish children who cost them most pains and care, to the neglect of wholesome and amiable little ones, who never tax their patience; and it is notorious that the good humor of ill-natured people is the only good humor which has any positive value. Nay, would the fair partners of domestic joy appear such prizes as they all do if people were not at great trouble to win them? And would there not be many more divorce cases than there are now if people could be *papered* into matrimony?

We have had a great deal of absurd talk (from the poets chiefly) to the effect that life is hard; but it must be admitted that we should scarcely be willing to accept it, without grumbling, on better terms than the present. There are numbers of persons (the idle poets among them) who are dead-headed through life, and we see how captious and discontented they are with our poor little world. Alas! life is too easy, as any reader may learn by asking somebody who is puzzled where to sleep to-night, or some bed-ridden invalid, or say one of those Sybarites who take to the imposture of street-beggary out of mere luxurious wantonness.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this Journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

COLONIZATION AT THE SOUTH.

Not only, as it appears, has the German immigration at this port more than doubled within the past two years, but in the year just elapsed it exceeded the Irish by nearly twenty-eight thousand. It is not difficult to discover the causes of this gratifying increase and preponderance. The most palpable is the systematic effort of various associations, among our native-born and adopted citizens, to stimulate emigration from the Continent. A more subtle, but perhaps not less effective, if indeed it be not the fundamental cause, is the political and social change which the war clearly promised and has since wrought in this country—a change which could not fail to exert a far wider influence in Germany than in Ireland on the minds of those desirous of coming to America. Both these forces, as well as the natural attraction of those who remain at home towards their kinsmen here, are certain to grow in intensity and to reinforce our population still more strongly from the Teutonic stock.

The many qualities which render this stock superior to the Celtic, not indeed for testing (which has its value) but for strengthening our republican institutions, are too familiar to require enumerating. Whatever made its advent welcome heretofore ensures for it a heartier welcome now. Already it had resisted in the States along the Ohio the encroachments of slavery across the river, and, in peaceful times, had redeemed the Missouri of border-ruffianism for a bulwark of loyalty in the second revolt against the ballot-box. The invaluable services which it thus performed at the West it may now repeat in the heart of the South; and it is in this direction that we hope to see the stream of German immigrants persistently directed by those who have it in their power to shape its course.

It may seem strange that this class of foreigners, whom we can charge so confidently with the support of democratic ideas, is well received and even invited by the South itself. Nobody can point to a German settlement there which has succumbed to the baser habits, practices, and principles of the community about it, or which has been anything else than a protest and an argument against them. The Germans of Texas disproved the favorite assertion of the slaveholders that white men could not labor in semi-tropical cotton-fields, and demonstrated the false economy of slave labor by a larger and finer production of its principal staple. They abided as steadfastly by the Union as by freedom, and endured unyieldingly the murderous persecution of their neighbors. Nevertheless, there is a genuine demand from the South for more of these people in quarters where a "Yankee" would be refused admission, or, if allowed to reside, would be precluded from carrying on his business. Diversity of language will account sufficiently for this apparent paradox, and explains why the *Pionier* and *Neue Zeit* might circulate without hindrance where THE NATION would be tabooed and its subscribers jeopardized. The fact is, the instinct of the South, being trained to recognize "fanaticism" only when dressed in English, is put at fault by this red-herring of an unknown tongue.

It is this consideration, coupled with the evident gains for industry which the South now affords, that induces us to urge very strenuously upon the Germans the largest possible emigration thither. We are aware that objection has been made to the still fierce and suspicious nature of the people of the late slave States, but we have shown that Germans least of all will suffer because of it. They need not, as Northern men must, surrender their own liberal notions, and denounce them in others, for the sake of pursuing undisturbed their calling. One might almost say they would be just as useful without liberal notions, since the grand object is to establish amid the barbarism of the South a society retaining the ways and usages of civilization. We anticipate the objection that this equalizing process has far greater perils for the newcomer than promise of elevation for the native inhabitant. The spec-

tacle of those Northern men whom the South engulfed and completely assimilated to itself, has been but too frequent and painful. We admit the danger, and therefore counsel earnestly against all isolated attempts to erect free labor and introduce civilized manners where only colonies can succeed. This is the true and pressing want of the hour. From any considerable body of German immigrants can generally be selected such a variety of trades and talents as will render a colony independent wherever it may be located. Finding thus within itself all the resources necessary for its comfort and prosperity, it cannot be tempted to forsake thrift for shiftlessness, decency for profligacy, humanity for cruelty, light for darkness. It will continue to expand from within, to found itself permanently in its chosen pursuit, and will gradually lift its surroundings to something like its own plane of life and conduct. On the other hand, the individual German who trusts himself alone in the social wilderness of the South will be pretty sure to be absorbed into the population around him—to learn to think their thoughts, use their language, and adopt their habits. A little organization, a little concentration of means and of purposes, will avoid all this waste, and accomplish infinite good for the whole country.

We may as well confess that, while we duly consider the welfare of the German immigrants, we perceive that their colonization is to bring the desired opportunity for the men of the North, who have at present no refuge in all the Southern country except the military posts. The continuance of these is as precarious as the will of the Commander-in-chief, and their protection has not at the best a wide or constant range. But if everywhere there should spring up honest German settlements, vigorous and self-sustaining, giving no offence and incurring no hatred, they would form a *point d'appui* for Northern immigration, and would extend to the single-handed adventurer a moral support which might cover him from harm. We could regret, except that regret seems almost useless, that the land we have laid open by our arms is closed against our peaceful entrance, and that we are forced to summon pioneers from across the water. Such, however, is the unpleasant state of the case, and interest and patriotism unite in spurring our German population to a well-considered, comprehensive plan of occupying the South, in which a host of their countrymen as yet untransplanted shall take an honorable and a profitable part.

OUR INDIAN POLIOY.

STANDING by itself, the war waged during the rebellion with the Indians would have seemed of huge and striking proportions. Not less than twenty-five thousand men have been and are now operating against the aborigines. From three to four thousand in New Mexico, under command of Gen. Carleton, have been fighting the Apaches and Navajos; and fifteen thousand of the latter have been removed as prisoners of war from their mountain homes to the Bosque Redondo, a valley in the eastern portion of the Territory. Gen. Conner, in Utah, and latterly on the plains and along the central lines of travel, has never had less than two thousand men, and during the past year has commanded more than treble that number. A full brigade of cavalry have been actively engaged in the Humboldt Valley and upon the Pacific coast, and another in Arizona. In the North-west, along the frontiers of Minnesota, Dakota, the northern part of Iowa, and the eastern slopes of Montana, as many as six thousand troops have been employed during the past three years—large bodies of them, under Generals Sully and Sibley, in campaigns extending over several months. At this writing, the military division of the Missouri (second in importance only to that of Sheridan, and including Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, Montana, and Dakota) contains a force of from twenty to twenty-five thousand men, exclusively occupied against the Indians and in protecting our continental thoroughfares from their unrelenting hostilities.

The advance of civilization here, as elsewhere, is literally "upon a powder-cart," for this large army holds open the great overland and Santa Fé mail routes, two thousand miles in length, with their daily and weekly service, which costs the country annually upwards of a million of dollars. It protects two thousand miles of navigable waters above Omaha, by which the adventurous pioneer may reach the El Dorado of that region. It guards the overland telegraph from the Mis-

souri to Carson Valley. Under its ægis a hundred thousand emigrants go thronging annually toward the Pacific, while our scattered settlements that jut from east and west out into our vast pastoral plains, once familiar to us only as the "Great American Desert," and the growing overland commerce whose profits are reckoned by scores of millions, owe their prosperity and stability to the same military police.

How great are the interests thus fostered, and how important it is that they should remain for ever undisturbed, is evident to all. It is also pretty generally understood that our past policy toward the Indians and our present conflicts with them have effected little for the desired security. The cost of this warfare is appalling, and its disgrace deep when it blossoms into such atrocious crimes as the Sand Creek massacre. "It is estimated," says the report of Secretary Harlan, "that the maintenance of each regiment of troops engaged against the Indians of the plains costs the Government two million dollars per annum. All the military operations of last summer have not occasioned the immediate destruction of more than a few hundred Indian warriors." Indeed, it is an axiom in the Department that it is much cheaper to feed than to fight Indians. But it has only recently begun to be asked whether it is necessary to do either; whether savage warfare will not largely cease when treaty stipulations are strictly fulfilled, when honest trading shall be the rule, when agents forbear to grow rich on moderate salaries, and when justice shall be visited promptly and impartially on the lawless white man who boasts of shooting an Indian whenever seen, as on the latter when he madly runs a muck.

The Indian race within the American Union is variously estimated at from four to five hundred thousand persons. Those who are in treaty relations with it number about three hundred and fifty thousand, and the rest do not exceed from fifty to seventy-five thousand. The latter are mainly the Comanches of Texas, the Apaches, Yumas, Mohaves, Yampais, Hualopais, and Chemihuevis, in New Mexico and Arizona. The Comanches and Apaches are the greatest obstacles to the rapid development of the south-western mining regions. East of the Rocky Mountains may be reckoned about one hundred and fifty thousand Indians, of whom two-thirds will be tribes more or less civilized. Many are quite well educated, possess considerable means, and have most of the habits of an intelligent yeomanry. The mountain tribes number one hundred and fifteen thousand, of whom some ten thousand are Pueblo or Village Indians, for the most part living in New Mexico. These are quite as intelligent, industrious, and in every way useful a population as the Mexicans. Some of the Arizona tribes exhibit the remains of the ancient Aztec civilization. Small tribes are located on reservations in Utah and Nevada; but at least ninety-five thousand are entirely savage, and have generally no other dealings with the Government than the reception of occasional gifts or hostilities with the troops. The Indians on the Pacific coast form naturally a separate division. About one-half of them are more or less permanently settled upon reservations.

Now, our policy towards this people has been (and it is in theory more scrupulous and honorable than that of any other European stock which has invaded them) to acknowledge by treaty their primitive title to the soil, and then purchase it by paying them in annuities of money and goods, reserving suitable tracts on which to place the various tribes, and there instruct them in agricultural and other civilized pursuits. The system has not worked well in any one of its three aspects. The treaties have given the Indians an exaggerated idea of their own importance. The aboriginal tribes never had any national elements: they were and are simply clans. But the new American idea is the unity of man, in spite of differences of race or color, and the sooner the Indian is embraced under it, the better will it be for him and for us. There is the same objection of separation and isolation to the payment of annuities, which is even more disastrous in its effects, inasmuch as it has served to make paupers of the tribes. The manner of distribution has resembled a timid mother's alternate petting and scolding of the unruly boy whom she cannot manage. Its consequences have been the same, besides affording rare opportunities for plunder to traders and officials. To the rascality of the latter in debasing or withholding the promised supplies, money, or presents, are attributable many of the worst Indian outbreaks. Finally, the reservation plan is almost an entire failure. Had it been adopted with the view of unit-

ing the Indians into one Territory or State, as was contemplated in the case of the Southern nations, it might have succeeded. One of the best proofs of the advantages derived from concentration is the progress made in the territory south of Kansas. Another is the fact, which is confirmed by the reports of the Indian Bureau, that the smaller the reservation, the speedier the Indians become extinct; and *vice versa*.

Up to the present administration of Secretary Harlan and Commissioner Cooley little effort had been made, in appointing Indian agents, to procure suitable men. The agents were, for the most part, decayed politicians, or "smart" and ambitious men ready to take their chance of promotion in a new country. Add to this, that the salaries have been miserably inadequate. To tempt any really capable person to leave home and civilized resorts for a life among savages, something more was required than a salary less than is paid to a first-class clerk in a dry goods store. Corrupt practices and habitual swindling were inevitable when low wages were joined to characters destitute of principle. The money thus worse than wasted has, of course, contributed to the destruction rather than the civilization of the Indians. Comprehensively speaking, it may be said that hitherto the Indian Bureau has *bribed* them into temporary peace, while the War Department has desired to *frighten* them into permanent quiet; and between the two they have been nearly exterminated. In 1836, the Miamis numbered eleven hundred; now, but five hundred. The Winnebagos, forty-five hundred; now, but two thousand. The Sacs and Foxes, then living in Iowa, now in Kansas, were six or seven thousand strong; now, not more than one thousand. The Pottawatomies have lost seven thousand in thirty years, numbering now but two thousand. In 1850, at Fort Laramie, Nebraska, twenty thousand "Indians of the Plains" were represented in council. In 1853, other hunter Indians, also living on the plains, and representing fifteen thousand, met in council. These thirty-five thousand, all told, have decreased ten per cent. since then. The Pawnees, once a warlike people, have decreased three thousand since 1848, when their number was seven thousand.

In another article we shall consider the steps which the Government is taking to apply substantial corrections to the abuses of the past, and redeem the national honor, so far as it is now possible, by a humane and just regard for the rights of the red men.

MORAL APATHY AND IMMORAL ANTIPATHY.

THE vote of the House of Representatives on suffrage in the District of Columbia—whatever may be thought of the process by which it was carried, or of the propriety of refusing to impose an educational test in the very place in which of all others it is perhaps most needed—was an unmistakable indication of the resolute temper of Congress, and is a signal rebuke to those adroit manufacturers of opinion, those pseudo exponents of popular sentiment, who, whether from party prejudice, hardness of heart, or honest conviction, have always been tacitly, as they are now actively, zealous to leave the work of the Republic half done. From those who avow such principles the cause of justice has little to fear. The nation will not, with its eyes open, and with full knowledge of what it is doing, consent to an act of constructive perfidy; but then there is reason to dread, in spite of the vote of Thursday last, that the public mind may be confused by means whose employment and ulterior objects are not always apparent.

The means referred to are employed both at home and abroad, in the street and in society, in leading articles and in correspondence, in direct charge and in covert implication; the objects are, primarily, to cover the black race with half-pitying, half-contemptuous odium; to stimulate aversion for it; to prove its unfitness to be trusted; to demonstrate the universal "antipathy" with which the whites throughout the country regard it; to prove the impossibility of the two races living together in amity unless one is constrained by special legislation to live, if not in slavery, at least in a condition of slavish subserviency to the other; to persuade the world not only that this incompatibility exists, but that it is a very proper, rational, and Christian-like thing that it should exist, and so on. The ultimate aim is, of course, the degradation of the negro and his permanent exclusion from political rights. We repeat that there is little risk of the black race being deprived of aught to which it may be justly entitled

by its open foes; the danger, unhappily, comes from the direction of its pretended friends.

The argument that a righteous measure is *inexpedient* is, of course, far more likely to carry weight with mankind than the consideration that to disallow it will favor selfish ends. He who avers that he would gladly advocate such and such a policy, virtuous in principle as it is, but that his extensive experience and specific knowledge of the subject persuade him, reluctantly, to acknowledge that it would not work well in practice, has a better chance as a propagandist than he who bluntly declares he opposes the policy because successful opposition will get him an office. The man who, previously favorable to the colored race, has an immense concourse of friends (all likewise similarly favorable) continually bringing him bad accounts of the way the freedmen behave, and how inexplicably they, the friends, find themselves loathing all blacks after brief personal contact, and who, therefore, gradually modifies his own opinions as to their merits and capacity, will obviously be a more effective operator on public opinion than another man who bluntly owns he always hated niggers, and wishes they had never been freed at all.

It is true that the more thoughtful and enlightened may regard with suspicion the ringing of changes on such stale arguments about amalgamation, barbaric ignorance, unconquerable laziness, and unchangeable inferiority of race as were opposed of old time to emancipation, and now do service against enfranchisement; but such thinkers are not too numerous, and the ancient device of dressing up old dogmas in new dresses and getting them currency at critical moments under new names often produces more bewilderment than scorn. It is highly important, then, that all men who wish to see justice done and truth disseminated should resolutely unmask and denounce these scarecrows whenever they venture across the public path.

It is well to understand and to declare that there is scarcely any argument brought against the black man's having a vote which has not been vehemently urged against his having his freedom; and that—apart from the question whether, as the conditions of peace and war are different, a tentative policy might not be at once more practicable and more expedient in extending the suffrage than in according liberty—the uncompromising foes of one measure are, at heart, the uncompromising foes of the other. They are of opinion, admitting the possible hypothesis of amalgamation, that because Spaniards and Mexicans in the proportion of one to six make a bad cross (the cross, bad as it was, beat the pure race out of the country!), Anglo-Saxons and Africo-Americans, in the proportion of six to one, with immigration constantly widening the disparity, would make a precisely similar or equally objectionable one. They maintain that the mingling of races is more detestable when both are free than when one is free and the other bond, because *partus sequitur ventrem*, and it is better to beget a new slave than a new freeman. They contend that it is wiser and better to give the suffrage to an ignorant foreigner, if white, than to an intelligent native, if colored. They insist that we should take for demonstrated truths all manner of prejudiced speculations jumbled of physiological hypotheses and often at positive variance with known facts, not because they, professedly at least, wish harm to the numerous and powerful blacks, but because they fear harm to the sparse and feeble whites. They set up a painted devil—a hybrid bugbear—to affright our souls with the natural and human supposition that men are going to do what they dislike very much indeed to do in order to insure their own physical, moral, and intellectual ruin hereafter. They would have us pursue a course which, besides being unjust, is sure to entail obvious and absolute if not measurable disasters, and eschew another which is not just alone, but whose consequent disasters are not simply uncertain and speculative, but by many lofty and penetrating intellects are utterly discredited and scouted. They enjoin us to take as guides, and foreigners to take as witnesses, writers and travellers of a past generation whose theories and observations were instructive and valuable in their day, but are often supremely inapplicable to changed and unforeseen conditions; forgetting or ignoring that more lessons have been taught us in these last five years than in all the previous ones of our national existence.

But, however times may change or we change with them, it were a

sorry thing for America, a mournful degradation from the moral pedestal she now occupies in the eyes of the world, were she to play the recalcitrant and backslider, by moulding her practice in accordance with such precepts. The sanguine may say there is no likelihood of such a perversion; but if the preceding reflections are well founded it cannot be said there is no danger of it. There is a vast amount of irresolute, semi-bewildered public sentiment which the anomalousness of our situation and the desire for harmonious reconstruction are but too likely to bring into a condition favorable to the schemes of the class we have indicated; it becomes, then, the duty of every clear-headed and right-minded advocate of equal justice and common humanity strenuously to combat so evil a tendency; to put the people on their guard against the sophists, the metaphysicians, the physiologists, and the dialecticians who go about teaching them to do wrong that good may come; counselling them to take their hands from the plough while it is yet in the furrow; urging them to make over to their beaten enemy the crowning rewards of their victory; frightening them with

"Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire,"

as the infallible penalties should they have courage to act up to the noblest impulses of humanity and resolve to do what is right.

Our position is anomalous. No other nation has been placed in circumstances precisely similar. Nothing is more natural than that there should be conscientious diversities of opinion. In the long run there will not be much confusion, not much doubt, as to the sincerity or duplicity of those that conflict. Meanwhile we may profitably remember that men who have been bitter foes to reform rarely become, at heart, the honest friends of its results. Consistency, to some extent, may be looked for in deeds when not in words, and it conforms with its laws that those who have combined to deprive mankind of one set of rights will not scruple to do all in their power, openly or covertly, to deprive them of another.

CONSULS.

AMONGST the most important of the works which our renewed and strengthened Government must sooner or later (and the sooner the better) undertake is a thorough and radical re-organization of the consular system. Government has already ceased to regard it in its old aspect—a hospital for sick political friends—and has taken the initiative steps towards giving it a more vigorous and hopeful ensemble by a better selection of appointees than those who ten years ago used to drift into and out of office with the flood and ebb of parties, and by revising and enforcing in a more decided manner the consular regulations.

But the prerogatives of the State Department are too limited for effectual reform. Nothing but thorough re-organization by legislative action will render the service what it ought to be—the pioneer of our commercial enterprise and the principal channel of our political influence. At present it is neither profitable to the country nor the consuls, and a consular appointment is, to a man in earnest, neither a prize pecuniarily nor a social distinction worth making sacrifices for. Here and there an individual has been able to win himself credit, and distinction even, by fortuitous circumstances, some windfall in the way of a blunder in a local government, or a chance to operate for political influence in the days of our late perplexity. Mr. Bigelow, our late consul at Paris, may be cited as an excellent instance; but the wonder always was how Mr. Bigelow ever accepted the place of consul at Paris, so little commensurate in itself or its compensation with the status of the man at home—a fact which was recognized by the Government in one of the most graceful and creditable acts of the administration, the promotion of Mr. Bigelow to the ministership. But the services required of the rank and file of the consular corps are such as neither flatter ambition nor repay application, while the recompense offered is neither good pay nor good economy.

The service for its bettering needs much from the country and its legislators, and ought in return to bring, as it will doubtless under proper management, a greater energy and more undivided attention than have generally obtained hitherto. It needs to have its province and services better marked out, extended, and sustained, and its morale raised by something better to look forward to than a shiftless (or, in

the only alternative, hard-worked and thankless) four years' service; it needs to be governed with more rigidity and with improved *esprit de corps* and discipline, and it ought to have, and, it is to be believed, would, were the other conditions supplied, men devoted to it, watchful and quick to find any opening or circumstance which, taken advantage of, might promote the prosperity of the mother-land.

To those who regard a consular appointment as a pleasant sinecure, and its occupancy within the capacity of any man incapable of providing for himself otherwise, a résumé of the obligations of our service at present may be instructive. Firstly, and amongst the most important, is the acquiring of the language in use amongst the merchants of the place where the consul resides, without which he is entirely in the hands of the native sharpers or his own assistants, who are a necessity to him. In all European countries he should be acquainted with the French as the usual medium of official intercourse. So that, out of England and France, he ought to know at least two languages beside his own. He must be acquainted with all the treaties which have any bearing on any contingency possibly arising before him;* with all the important points and principles of international law; he must become acquainted with the values and qualities of all those products which the country he inhabits may or might contribute to the commerce or production of his own. He must be of such temper and intellectual capacity that the dignity of the nation he represents shall not suffer through him, as has too often happened in past years; of such integrity that the important trusts confided to him shall be safe, and their execution beyond reasonable doubt. It is not enough that he should be honest; he must also be vigilant. An instance has come under our notice in which a person who had obtained a false passport in the name of a well-known American citizen, through the fraud of an employee in one of our consulates, ran the gauntlet of half the consulates of Europe, committing frauds wherever he passed without being detected by the consuls who visaed his passport, while, at the same time, the passport itself was so irregular that it should have been stopped by the first consul who saw it. It is scarcely to be doubted that gross enough frauds have been committed on the revenue of the United States, through the inefficiency of consuls or the consular regulations, to have produced an amount greater than the expense of the consular corps for the rest of this century at the present rates of compensation, and more than enough to have paid first-class men to occupy all the posts in the gift of the Government. We have it from the most competent authority that the recent law for the verification of invoices by the consuls has more than doubled the revenue on some important articles of importation, has stopped smuggling in a great measure, and added many millions to the revenue. The general principles of the English laws establishing the duties of consuls are the same with our own, and the differences in detail signify simply that the system is intended to be more efficient in furnishing practical indications to commerce seeking a new channel. If a single change in the laws affecting consular duties can result in so large a saving, the enquiry is certainly pertinent: Cannot other changes be made in them with economical advantage? In discussing this question it may be well to consider in what respects the English consular system differs from our own, and whether the working of that system suggests advantages to be gained by changes in our own.

The instructions of the English consuls do not in material respects differ from those of the United States Manual, but the slight differences are significant. They point to a greater watchfulness to those details which may be practical indications to commerce seeking a new channel. In the charging of fees the English consul is especially enjoined to remember that "the consular system exists for the benefit of trade, and that fees must not be charged in such a way as to oppress the shipping interest, but rather that the consul should enable the ship-master to avoid unnecessary services requiring the payment of fees." In our own service, on the contrary, the efficiency of a consul is supposed to be indicated by the return of his fees, and a consulate which does not pretty nearly pay for itself is supposed to be a burthen on the country. In a large propor-

tion of the English consulates the fees collected would not pay the stationary bill—in only one, New York, do they pay the expenses of the consulate.

But it is in the organization of the service and the development of a peculiar *esprit de corps* that the English Government has made of its consular officers effectual *avant-courriers* of trade; that it has succeeded in pushing English trade into every corner of the earth; by this that you find Abyssinians using English cutlery, kerchiefs of Birmingham on the heads of peasant women of the Abruzzi, the stuffs of English looms everywhere pushing out of the market the native products which have been the marvel of the world so long. They send a consul into every nook of the earth where a market can be made or found; we send one with the same instructions, and nominally the same objects, after the trade is established. English merchants seeking a chance for investment go to the Foreign Office returns to know where such and such goods may be pushed in; American merchants have often more reason to complain that their consul comes into and deranges or interferes with their trade for his own benefit. An English consul is the herald of exportation; an American the accountant of importation.

The English Government, again, makes its service efficient by making it permanent, establishing a line of promotion, paying living salaries, and giving pensions to those who have grown old in the service. We make ours inefficient by paying not enough to enable a man to live without some other occupation, removing him as soon as he understands his business to make room for some one who wants to go abroad and have his expenses paid by the Government. The public think it a very fine thing for a man to go to Europe and get a respectable mechanic's wages "for sitting behind a desk six hours a day," and as long as the present system remains it will be, as now, the most remarkable proof existing of the patriotism of American citizens, that a man can be found who will keep a consulate, honestly perform its duties, and obey all his regulations, for the salary he receives. We do not believe that there are six consulates in Europe whose salary will pay the living expenses of the consul, living in the most modest style which would be respectable, if he has a family (and no one else should be chosen for positions where social influence is to be exerted). Fifteen hundred dollars a year—the average salary of our European consuls of the first class—was, ten years ago, a sufficient income for a man of moderate tastes; now every article of necessity has doubled in price, and a house that could afford two servants and an occasional ceremonial dinner in '52, must be content, in '65, with one servant-of-all-work and no society, to live on the same income. We can assert, without fear of contradiction, that no consul of the United States at any city in the civilized world can, on his salary, sustain a respectable appearance among well-to-do people. Since 1848 gold has fallen to one-half of its previous value, and the sum insufficient for credit then is insufficient for comfort now, and the men who are *par excellence* the representatives of America before the populations of the foreign world, who represent us in a hundred places and ways where a minister does in one, are the worst provided for that representation of any men of their class in the world. We take at random a few figures from the English and American consular lists, giving the salaries of the respective consuls at the same places, adding, for information, the amount of fees collected by the English consuls:

	English salary.	English fees.	American salary.
Venice.....	£300	£76	\$750
Antwerp.....	500	..	2,500
Buenos Ayres.....	1,400	296	2,000
Canton.....	1,600	..	4,000
" sub-officers.....	3,300
Alexandria.....	2,550	1,335	3,500
" sub-officers.....	2,350
Patras.....	800
Syra.....	500
Genoa.....	400	..	1,500
Odessa.....	1,200	11	2,000
Constantinople.....	1,800	..	3,000
Jerusalem.....	950	15	1,500
Smyrna.....	800	..	2,000
Do. other officials.....	1,830

The figures, perhaps, indicate not only the comparative estimation of the consular service by the respective nations, but their comparative value to their trade interests. Our service is ineffective because, firstly,

* "It is the duty of consuls to be conversant with all treaties, conventions, and consular conventions; also with the laws and commercial and other regulations relating to their consular functions."—Manual.

it is unorganized, and, secondly, because it is unpaid. The English consular service probably repays the country a thousandfold in the extension of trade effected by the earnest endeavors of a body of men devoted to their service, stimulated by the prospect of promotion and an ultimate provision for their old age or their families in case of their deaths in the service of their country, and directed by a watchfulness and minute supervision which, in preference to cutting off all functionaries whose services can be dispensed with without ruin, seeks every opening where an intelligent officer may be sent to explore new fields or cultivate others newly opened. The British Mercury has borrowed the eyes of Argus, and hunts out every place where he can swap an English jack-knife for any other known or unknown object.

The first thing we have to do is to borrow this larger policy of our mother and school-mistress. Instead of going over the consular list, pen in hand, as we imagine some of our economy-haunted M.C.s doing, to cut off every consulate which does not pay its own expenses, Congress should take the map of the world and find every section of it where there exists a population capable of receiving a cargo of American productions, and in every such district put at least one consul. Then abolish all existing laws on consular organization, and provide by law that candidates for consular appointments shall pass examinations and prove themselves capable of filling the office—that they shall only be removable for cause—that promotion shall be the reward of valuable services—that any man accepting office shall give bonds not to retire within a given number of years except under the penalty of the repayment of a certain portion of his salary received, or from reasons which shall be judged by Government to be imperative, and to be in all cases made public—that consuls who have had a given number of years of service shall be pensioned, or their families in case of their dying in discharge of their duties—that they shall in all cases be paid by salary, and that salary sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of a family, without any allowance for ostentation or ceremony except in places where they have diplomatic functions, in which case such allowance should be made separate from the salary—that an allowance, equal at least to one-third of a year's salary, shall be made to the consul by way of outfit, to be repaid in case of his retiring within a given term—and, finally, that the fees within a certain moderate sum shall go to the payment of a clerk, or clerks, as the business of the consulate may demand.

Then increase the stringency of the rules as much as reason demands, impose penalties for deficiency in duties, or what else may be required to secure efficiency; having paid for good service, insist on having it. Let every consul be obliged to furnish returns of the imports of the country where he lives, in the fullest attainable detail, and as well of the wants of the country not supplied by importation; see that he is provided with samples of all of our manufactures which could be introduced into the country to supply those wants, and let his reports be put at the service of the boards of trade in the fullest and promptest manner, and let it be distinctly understood that the value of the services of any consul to our commerce is in proportion not to the return of the fees of his office from our imports, but to the influence he has exercised on our exports, the latter being the true basis of the prosperity of the country so far as that prosperity is involved in commerce and, to a certain extent, in manufactures.

We must not forget in our trade organization that what we export we get paid for in the medium we call for—what we import we must pay for in the medium which suits best our creditors. Stimulate and extend export by all the healthy means possible, and import will respond in those channels which the interest of the country points out.

We have said nothing about the questions of national dignity as involved in our representatives abroad, or the degree of protection for personal rights in foreign countries, because we imagine that neither the one nor the other will be appreciated except by the small class of our people who go abroad. To them we need say nothing—their own experience must have made them sensible how far we are misrepresented abroad either by officers unfitly chosen or by the starveling régime they are obliged to serve under. It does not, to say the least, flatter the national pride to learn, on any casual need to recur to the depositary of America's honor and authority, that we must find the

eagle shaking his wings out of the fifth story of a *maison meublée*, and be ushered into an office where is enshrined the representative of our sovereignty, incensed with kitchen smells and accompanied by all the surroundings and concomitants of cheap lodging-houses—to find a man for whose protection we may any day be driven into a costly war so poorly placed and provided for that he is the jest of the people whose respect he should commend, less respectable in all his surroundings than the representative of any fourth-rate European power. To speak clearly and briefly, the position of our consuls is a shame and injury to our country; it is such as to cause us not only to forfeit the respect of other nations, but our own self-respect, when we come to see it; and now that we have entitled ourselves to the honor of the world, let us do that which is necessary to secure it. We are very fond of talking about the republican simplicity which our representatives ought to maintain abroad—we deceive ourselves: it is only a pretext to cover a meanness unworthy of a great nation, and utterly inconsistent with a true policy or a frank self-respect; a pretext which deceives no one else. At home we may make what sumptuary laws we please, but when we send a man to represent us with another nation, let us see that he is enabled to pay some sort of respect to the standard of life and taste of the people he is to live amongst, and not discredit the country for the want of an income sufficient to maintain his own respectability, as is now the case in almost every consulate we have. Wherever a consul goes, the nation is represented by him for good or ill; let us be sure that the selections are good and the maintenance no disgrace.

A WORTHY DITTY

SUNG BEFORE THE PRESIDENT HIS EXCELLENCY AT WASHINGTON, TO A BARREL-ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT.

As I, one day, went on my way,
A rowdy ill-conducted
Growled, "You low whelp, I want your help
To get me reconstructed;
A gone-up man, I've (hic) a plan
Of asking your assistance;
So give's your cash at once, by dash!
And keep your (hic) your distance!"

Said I, "You're not precisely what
I call a civil person;
You're one I'd list to use my fist
Much sooner than my purse on;
However, come, give up your rum
And all that's been your ruin,
Drop your big airs, and your affairs
I'll see what I can do in."

'T was plain my man from such a plan
Of doing things relucted;
"I do n't," said he, "(hic) want to be
In your way reconstructed;
Not I, by dash! and you I'll thrash
For treating me this fashion!"
With that he drew a knife, and flew
Into a tearing passion.

Said I, "Heydey, why, that's the way
They do things in Timbuctoo;
And the police must keep the peace,
And help you reconstruct, too:
Then (as I called, and wildly bawled
"Take this man to the lock-up!")
Straight saw I come a giant glum,
With blue close-buttoned frock, up.

Said he, "I think the man's in drink,
You'd better not molest him;
'T would only get him madder yet,
If I should try arrest him."
"But do n't you see," I cried, "that he
Upon me run a muck did?"

Said he, "Mere play; it's just his way
Of getting reconstructed."
I turned to go; my rowdy, though,
Was burning for the strife yet,
And muttered deep, "My grudge I'll keep,
And have your dash-dashed life yet!"
"Is it not, then, just such vile men,"
I thought, "we've bolts and keys for?"
And musing went, with eyebrows bent,
"What *do* we pay police for?"

J. R. L.

PEWS.

THE annual pew-renting at Mr. Beecher's meeting-house in Brooklyn concerns so many people, and interests so many whom it does not concern, that it is, in some sort, a public matter, and may be fairly made a subject of comment by the press. It shall certainly have no unfavorable or unfriendly comment from us. We have no reflections to make either on the operation itself or on the details of its conduct. Whatever want of taste there may be in the public exhibition which attracts the large crowd and excites so much pleasantries, is incidental merely, and in no wise detracts from our admiration of the wonderful preacher whose power draws people from vast distances to hear him, and forces them into vehement competition for seats in his sanctuary. In few cases would the system adopted at Plymouth Church be anything but foolish and ruinous. It can succeed only where there is great demand for seats. Only extraordinary power will create such a demand, and, where the demand exists, it is natural that it should be used for purposes of revenue. It is in its general aspects that the question engages our attention. The public are interested in knowing the best way of supporting religious institutions, and, at the same time, giving the advantage of them to the largest number of people, especially to those who most need or desire them, namely, the people in moderate circumstances. Religious instruction has become the luxury of the rich. Is there any help for it? If there is not, religion may as well be handed over to the upholsterers, to be used frankly for purposes of decoration. If there is a remedy, where is it? Must it not be found in some different method of seating people in places of worship? Here is the point. Three methods are in vogue: that of selling the pews and levying a specific tax on them for current expenses; that of annually renting them to the highest bidder; and that of leaving the sittings free and meeting the expenses by the voluntary subscriptions of those who are most interested and can best afford to pay. Of course we have no purpose to discuss at length the actual or the relative advantages or disadvantages of these methods; but the annual rental at Mr. Beecher's suggests a few thoughts bearing on the subject which may be worth considering.

To take, first, the unfavorable side of the Brooklyn plan, as that side is the most obvious, it may not be presuming to intimate that the "temporalities," as they are courteously called—in plain language, the money matters—crop out with an unseemly prominence in this method. When the pews are sold at a fixed price the financial movement is very quiet. The treasurer sends his bills to the proprietors, collects the rents, and makes his annual business statement. Should the revenue be inadequate to meet the expenses, the tax on the original valuation of the pews is increased one or two per cent., and the additional income is gathered up as quietly as before. Nothing is said in church about money. The bare mention of money under this arrangement comes at last to be resented as an impertinence. In the free churches the contribution-box is a frequent apparition, but so frequent as to cause no surprise and occasion no disturbance in the train of thought. The bulk of the expense is carried by a few who privately subscribe and pay their promised sum. But on the auction principle there is no escaping the ring of the coin on the counter. The money-changers have the temple for one memorable evening—the Gospel is put up to the highest bidder, and he who can pay most has publicly assigned to him the best seat. There is the auctioneer, fresh from his sale of dry goods, stirring up the crowd to pay down a good price for their wine and milk, provoking competition, tempting all, perhaps, to give more than they want to, and many to pay more than they can afford, and making no few ashamed of their impecuniosity and their back seat. Dives anticipates his place in the kingdom, and Lazarus must be contented with his dim anticipation of Abraham's bosom. The rich man comes up to the Christ, holds out his porte-monnaie instead of dropping on his knees, and, instead of being sent away sorrowful, is invited to take the front seat. This is not handsome.

It is not handsome either to associate position in the church with money.

The aristocratic spirit will find its way into churches fast enough. Fashion will get its ecclesiastical authentication. The first society will have its chosen temple, and its favorite place therein. But these temples are not always associated with money; nor are these favorite places identified with success in trade. The choice seats represent social position on the ground of family or elegance or culture, all implying a certain amount of refined taste—bad enough, to be sure; exquisitely bad; Pharisaism is none the worthier for being graceful, nor is snobbery any the less offensive to the spiritual sense for having its name on the selectest visiting list. Still, though no less offensive to the spiritual sense, to the æsthetic sense it is far less offensive. Worldliness is worldliness; but refined worldliness is less shocking than unrefined. Money may be at the bottom of all of it at last, but money transmuted into gentle sentiment and lovely manners stands less in the way of worship than does money in the shape of bank-notes. There is such a thing as idealizing bullion, and pray let religion have it in its most ideal form.

But to touch a more vital point. What becomes of the poor in churches where the seats are knocked down to the highest bidder, and where the number of bidders is great enough to take up all the seats? The poor it may be said have no chance in any popular church, whatever the mode of raising the income. If the pews are sold, the rich buy them. If they are taxed, the poor cannot pay the taxes. If admitted at all, they must take such places as nobody wants. They may like good preaching as well as their richer neighbors; but if the preaching be worth having, how are they to get it? True; but they are not usually pushed out as poor. They are not palpably made to feel their poverty. They are not known of all men as persons who are unable to hire seats. They are not forced to sit under the charge of demerit. Under the auction system, if they find admittance at all, they come in to take, not what is generously set apart for them, but what nobody can be found willing to pay for, what has been put up for sale and met no purchaser—in a word, what was left. And is not this to make poverty not only a misfortune, but a reproach, and a reproach in the very place of all places where it should be allowed to forget itself in the company of Him who was the great friend of the poor?

To balance these disadvantages, the rental system has one great advantage which it shares in common with the free system, but which the ordinary system of sale and taxation misses entirely. It breaks up the uniformity of audiences, and allows congregations to change at least once a year. The free system allows them to change once a week, which is better, admitting of a constant flux and reflux, an incessant variety, and at the same time breaking up monotony in the weekly assemblies, flinging the people of all conditions promiscuously together, permitting no associations to become fixed, no places to become appropriated, but enforcing an external semblance of humanity, which becomes more than a semblance in course of time. The custom of proprietorship in pews is fatal to everything of this kind. The society becomes more compact, but it does not become more sympathetic. It acquires an element of permanency, but it loses the element of humanity. It makes sure of people, by pinning them to one and the same spot. The preacher sees before him year after year precisely the same persons. For a generation, perhaps, his auditors may not perceptibly change in character; some will die; some will leave the city or the neighborhood; but the great body of them stay where they are. To the undevout it must seem as if the preacher could not but tell them all he knows a great many times over, and be tempted to tell them a great deal more than he knows for the sake of gaining their attention. The Word finds no vent or diffusion. Often the people cannot get away from the minister if they wish to. Their bodies are with their treasure, while their hearts are elsewhere; they own the pew, and cannot sell it, so they go to church for their money's worth; they would go elsewhere if they could, but they cannot afford two pews; they wish it were in their power to give place to somebody who would enjoy the ministrations; but it is not.

Often under this system the minister cannot get rid of his people. He knows that they dislike him on account of his opinions. He is sure that they are talking and plotting against him. He would be thankful if they would go and let others in. But how can he make them go? They stand on their rights of property; they fortify their pews against the pulpit; they extend their fortifications by buying more pews, every pew representing a vote. They turn the church into a battle-ground, and are ready to fight it out till the minister leaves. This is no uncommon occurrence where pews are held as property. Under the auction rule nothing of this sort is possible. Discontent cannot be long lived. At the end of the year the malcontents have a chance to go. The preacher may feel all the time that he is preaching to people who, of their own free choice, come to hear him. Each hearer must decide deliberately whether to continue a hearer or not.

If any come who do not wish to, they must be very few. The audience will change materially every twelvemonth, and if they are floating, so much the better, for while they stay they will be alive, and when they go they will go to find something they like better.

But theoretically the free system commends itself as the most rational system. It is the only system that is truly social, hospitable, and sympathetic. It is the only system that fairly puts all worshippers on the same level. It is rarely attempted on a large scale; it is seldom successful even on a small scale. It is not generally deemed practicable. But until it can be made so, the administration of religion will never, we are satisfied, be what it should be. The difficulties in the way of its operation are very great. We have few rich ecclesiastical corporations, very few wealthy religious endowments. We have divorced religion from the state, and forced it to depend for its support on the voluntary contributions of its friends. The consequence is that few will pay for any religion but their own. But the time may come yet when the opulent classes will recognize religion, like education, as being a great public interest, to be maintained by those who are able to support it for those who are not. If that time ever does come, churches for the people will be established, as schools and colleges are, for the general benefit. All alike will share the blessing; those who can will bear the cost.

CERTAIN THINGS IN NAPLES.

I.

PERHAPS some reader of mine who visited Naples under the old disorder of things, when the Bourbon and the Camorra reigned, will like to hear that the pitched battle which travellers formerly fought, in landing from their steamer, is now gone out of fashion. Less truculent boatmen I never saw than those who rowed us ashore at Naples; they were so quiet and peaceful that they harmonized perfectly with that tranquil scene of drowsy-twinkling city lights, slumbrous mountains, and calm sea, and, as they dipped softly towards us in the glare of the steamer's lamps, I thought at once of Tennyson's description:

"And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against the rosy flame,
The mild-eyed macaroni-eaters came."

The mystery of this placidity had been already solved for me by our captain, whom I had asked what price I should bargain to pay from the steamer to the shore. "There is a tariff," said he, "and the boatmen keep to it. The Neapolitans are good people (*buona gente*), and only needed justice to make them obedient to the laws." I must say that I found this to be true. The fares of all public conveyances are now fixed, and the attempts which drivers occasionally make to cheat you, seem to be rather the involuntary impulses of old habit than deliberate intentions to do you wrong. You pay what is due, and as your man merely rumbles internally when you turn away, you must be a very timid *signorin*, indeed, if you buy his content with anything more. I fancy that all these things are now much better managed in Italy than in America, only we grumble at them here and stand them in silence at home. I remember frightful instances of plunder, in which I was the victim, at New York—in which the robbery had none of the neatness of an operation, as it often has in Italy, but was a brutal mutilation. And then as regards civility from the same kind of people in the two countries, there is no comparison that holds in favor of us. All questions are readily and politely answered in Italian travel, and the servants of companies are required to be courteous to the public; whereas, one is only too glad to receive a silent snub from such people at home. I was once little less than put off a street car, in Boston, because I begged the ruffianly Irish conductor to tell me when we had reached a certain point in Cambridge. Of course he carried me beyond it, but I had been so thoroughly quelled that for a long time I thought his negligence a kind of favor.

II.

The first sun that rose after our arrival in Naples was mild and warm as a May sun, though we were quite in the heart of November. We early strolled out under it, into the crowded ways of the city, and drew near as we might to that restless, thronging, gossiping southern life, in contrast with which all northern existence seems only a sort of hybernation. The long Toledo, on which the magnificence of modern Naples is threaded, is the most brilliant and joyous street in the world; but I think there is less of that quaintness of Italian civilization to be seen in its vivacious crowds than anywhere else in Italy. One easily understands how, with its superb length and straightness, and its fine, respectable, commonplace-looking houses, it should be the pride of a people fond of show; but after Venice and Genoa it has no picturesque charm; nay, busy Milan even seems less modern and more picturesque. The lines of the lofty palaces on the Toledo are seldom

broken by the façade of a church or other public edifice, and when this does happen, the building is sure to be coldly classic or frantically baroque. You weary of the Toledo's perfect repair, of its monotonous iron balconies, its monotonous lofty windows; and it would be insufferable if you could not turn out from it at intervals into one of those wondrous little streets which branch up on one hand and down on the other, rising and falling with flights of steps between the high, many-balconied walls. They ring all day with the motley life of fishermen, fruit-venders, chestnut-roasters, and idlers of every age and sex; and there is nothing so full of local color, unless it be the like little up-and-down-hill streets in Genoa. They are only meant in either city for foot-passengers, and a carriage never enters them; but sometimes, if you are so blest, you may see a mule climbing the long stairways, moving solemnly under a stack of straw, or tinkling gaily down stairs, bestridden by a swarthy, handsome peasant—all glittering teeth and eyes and flaming Phrygian cap. The rider exchanges lively salutations and sarcasms with the bystanders in his way, and perhaps brushes against the bagpipers who bray constantly in those hilly defiles. They are in Neapolitan costume, these *pifferari*, and have their legs incomprehensibly tied up in those stockings and garters affected by the peasantry of the provinces, and wear brave red sashes about their waists. They are simple, harmless-looking people, and would no doubt rob and kill in the most amiable manner, if brigandage came into fashion in their neighborhood. Sometimes the student of men may witness a Neapolitan quarrel in these streets, and may pick up useful ideas of invective from the remarks of the fat old women who always take part in the contests. But, though we were ten days in Naples, I only saw one quarrel, and, indeed, I can have much finer violence among the gondoliers at any ferry in Venice, when I choose to go out. The Neapolitans were only furious in traffic, being noisy in an inverse proportion to the slightness of their wares. They sell a great deal, and very boisterously, the fruit of the cactus, which is about as large as an egg, and which they peel to a very bloody pulp, and lay out, a sanguinary presence, on boards for purchase. It is not good to the uncultivated taste; but any stranger may stop and drink, with relish and refreshment, the orangeade and lemonade mixed with snow, and sold at the little booths on the street-corners. These stands look much like the shrines of the Madonna in other Italian cities, and a friend of ours was led, before looking carefully into their office, to argue immense Neapolitan piety from the frequency of their ecclesiastical architecture. They are, indeed, the shrines of a god much worshipped during the long Neapolitan summers; and it was the profound theory of the Bourbon kings of Naples that, if they kept their subjects well supplied with snow to cool their drink, there was no fear of revolution. It shows how liable statesmen are to err that, after all, the Neapolitans rose, drove out the Bourbons, and welcomed Garibaldi.

The only part of the picturesque life of the side streets which seems ever to issue from them into the Toledo is the goatherd with his flock of milk-goats. These mingle with the passers in the avenues as familiarly as with those of the alley, and thrust aside silk-hidden hoops, and brush against dandies' legs, in their course, but keep on perfect terms with everybody. The goatherd leads the eldest of the flock, and the rest follow in docile order and stop as he stops to ask at the doors if milk is wanted. When he happens to have an order, one of the goats is haled, much against her will, into the entry of a house, and there milked, while the others wait outside alone, nibbling and smelling thoughtfully about the masonry. It is noticeable that none of the good-natured passers seem to think these goats a great nuisance in the crowded street; but all make way for them as if they were there by perfect right, and were no inconvenience.

On the Toledo people keep upon the narrow sidewalks, or strike out into the carriage-way, with an indifference to hoofs and wheels which one, after long residence in horseless Venice, cannot acquire, in view of the furious Neapolitan driving. That old comprehensive gig of Naples, with which many pens and pencils have familiarized the reader, is nearly as hard to find there now as the *lazzaroni*, who have gone out altogether. You may still see it in the remoter quarters of the city, with its complement of twelve passengers to one horse, distributed, two on each thill, four on the top seats, one at each side, and two behind; but in the Toledo it has given place to much finer vehicles. Slight buggies, which take you anywhere for half a franc, are the favorite means of public conveyance, and the private turn-outs are of every description and degree. Indeed, all the Neapolitans take to carriages, and the Strand in London at six o'clock in the evening is not a greater jam of wheels than the Toledo in the afternoon. Shopping feels the expansive influence of the out-of-doors life, and ladies do most of it as they sit in their open carriages at the shop-doors, ministered to by the neat-handed shopmen. They are very languid ladies, as they recline upon their carriage cushions; they are all black-eyed and of an olive pallor, and

have gloomy rings about their fine eyes, like the dark-faced dandies who bow to them. This Neapolitan look is very curious, and I have not seen it elsewhere in Italy; it is a look of pensive enquiry, and comes, no doubt, from the peculiarly heavy growth of lashes which fringes the lower eyelid. Then there is the weariness in it of all peoples whose summers are fierce and long.

The Italians usually dress beyond their means, and the dandies of Naples are very gorgeous. If it is now, say, four o'clock in the afternoon, they are all coming down the Toledo with the streams of carriages bound for the long drive around the bay. But our foot-passers go to walk in the beautiful Villa Reale, between this course and the sea. It is a slender breadth of Paradise, a mile long; it is rapture to walk in it, and it comes, in description, to be a garden-grove, with feathery palms in it, Greekish temples, musical fountains, wild statues of the gods, and groups of fair girls in spring silks. If I remember aright, the sun is always setting on the bay, and you cannot tell whether this sunset is cooled by the water or the water is warmed by the golden light upon it, and upon the city, and upon all the tender mountain-heights around.

III.

Walking westward through the whole length of the Villa Reale, and keeping with the crescent shore of the bay, you come, after awhile, to the Grot of Posillipo, which is not a grotto but a tunnel cut for a carriage-way under the hill. It serves the purpose of a grotto, if a grotto has any, and is of great length and dimness, and is all a-twinkle night and day with numberless lamps. Overlooking the street which passes into it is the tomb of Virgil, and it is this you have come to see. To reach it, you knock first at the door of a blacksmith, who calls a species of guardian, and, when this latter has opened a gate in a wall, you follow him up stairs into a market-garden. In one corner, and standing in a leafy and grassy shelter somewhat away from the vegetables, is the poet's tomb, which has a kind of claim to genuineness by virtue of its improbable appearance. It looks more like a bake-oven than even the Pompeian tombs; the masonry is antique, and in skilful imitation of the fine Roman work. The interior is a small chamber with vaulted or wagon-roof ceiling, under which a man may stand upright, and at the end next the street is a little stone commemorating the place as Virgil's tomb, which was placed there by the Queen of France in 1840, and said by the custodian (a singularly dull ass) to be an exact copy of the original, whatever the original may have been. This guide could tell us nothing more about it, and was too stupidly honest to pretend to know more. The laurel planted by Petrarch at the door of the tomb, and renewed in later times by Casimir Delavigne, has been succeeded by a third laurel. The present twig was so slender, and looked so friendless and unprotected, that even enthusiasm for the memory of two great poets could not be brought to rob it of one of its few leaves; and we contented ourselves with plucking some of the grass and weeds that grew abundantly on the roof of the tomb. There was a dusty quiet within the tomb, a grassy quiet without, that pleased exceedingly; but though the memories of the place were so high and epic, it only suggested bucolic associations, and, sunken into that nook of hillside verdure, made me think of a spring-house on some far-away Ohio farm; a thought that, perhaps, would not have offended the poet, who loved and sang of humble country things, and, drawing wearily to his rest here, no doubt turned and remembered tenderly the rustic days before the excellent veterans of Augustus came to exile him from his father's farm at Mantua, and banish him to mere glory. But I believe most travellers have much nobler sensations in Virgil's tomb, and there is a great deal of testimony borne to their lofty sentiments on every scribbleable inch of its walls. Valery reminded me that Boccaccio, standing near it of old, first felt his fate decided for literature. Did he come there, I wonder, with poor Fiammetta, and enter the tomb with her tender hand in his hold, before ever he thought of that cruel absence that she tells of? "O donne pietose!" I hope so, and that this pilgrimage, half of love and half of letters, took place, "nel tempo nel quale la rivestita terra più che tutto l'altro anno si mostra bella."

If you ascend from the tomb and turn Naples-ward from the crest of the hill, you have the loveliest view in the world of the sea and of the crescent beach, mightily jewelled at its further horn with the black Castel dell'Ovo. Fishermen's children are playing all along the foamy border of the sea, and boats are darting out into the surf. The present humble muse is not above saying also that the linen which the laundresses hang to dry upon lines along the beach takes the sun like a dazzling flight of white birds, and gives a breezy life to the scene which it could not spare.

IV.

There was a little church, on our way back from Posillipo, into which we lounged a moment, pausing at the altar of some very successful saint

near the door. Here there were great numbers of the usual offerings from the sick whom the saint had eased of their various ills: waxen legs and arms from people who had been in peril of losing their limbs, as well as eyes, noses, fingers, and feet, and the crutches of those cured of lameness; but we were most amused with the waxen effigies of several babies hung up about the altar, which the poor souls who had been near losing the originals had brought there in gratitude to the saint.

Generally, however, the churches of Naples are not very interesting, and one who came away without seeing them would have little to regret. The pictures are seldom good, and though there are magnificent chapels in St. Januario, and fine gothic tombs at Santa Chiara, the architecture is usually roccoco. I fancy that Naples has felt the damage of Spanish taste in such things as well as Spanish tyranny in others. Indeed, I saw much there which reminded me of what I had read about Spain rather than what I had seen in Italy; and all Italian writers are agreed in attributing the depravation of Naples to the long Spanish dominion. It is well known how the Spaniards rule their provinces, and their gloomy despotism was probably never more cruelly felt than in Italy, where the people were least able to bear it. I had a heart-felt exultation in walking through the quarter of the city where the tumults of Massaniello had raged, and, if only for a few days, struck mortal terror to the brutal pride of the viceroy; but I think I had a better sense of the immense retribution which has overtaken all memory of Spanish rule in Naples as we passed through the palace of Capo di Monte. This was the most splendid seat of the Spanish Bourbon, whose family, inheriting its power from the violence of other times, held it with violence in these; and in one of the chief saloons of the palace, which is now Victor Emanuel's, were pictures representing scenes of the revolution of 1860, while the statuette of a Garibaldi, in his red shirt and all his heroic rudeness, was defiantly conspicuous on one of the tables.

V.

There was nothing else that pleased me as well in the palace, nor in the grounds about it. These are all laid out in pleasant successions of grove, tangled wilderness, and pasture-land, and were thronged, the Saturday afternoon of our visit, with all ranks of people, who strolled through the beautiful walks and enjoyed themselves in the peculiarly peaceful Italian way. Valery says that the Villa Reale in the Bourbon time was closed, except for a single day in the year, to all but the nobles; and that on this occasion it was filled with pretty peasant women, who made it a condition of their marriage bargains that their husbands should bring them to the Villa Reale on St. Mary's Day. It is now free to all on every day of the year, and the grounds of the Palace Capo di Monte are opened every Saturday. I liked the pleasant way in which sylvan nature and art had made friends in these beautiful grounds, in which nature had consented to overlook even the foolish vanity of the long aisles of lime, cut and trimmed in formal and fantastic shapes, according to the taste of the silly times of bag-wigs and patches. On every side wild birds fluttered through these absurd trees, and in the thickets lurked innumerable pheasants, which occasionally issued forth and stalked in stately, fearless groups over the sunset-crimsoned lawns. There was a brown gamekeeper for nearly every head of game, wearing a pheasant's wing in his hat and carrying a short, heavy sword; and our driver told us, with an awful solemnity in his bated breath, that no one might kill this game but the King, under penalty of the galleys.

VI.

We went one evening to the opera at San Carlo. It is one of the three theatres—San Carlo, of Naples, La Scala, of Milan, and Fenice, of Venice—on which the Italians pride themselves; and it is certainly very large and imposing. The interior has a *bel colpo d'occhio*, which is what many Italians chiefly value in morals, manners, and architecture; but after this comes great shabbiness of detail. The boxes, even of the first order, are paved with brick tiles, and the red velvet border of the box which the people see from the pit is not supported by the seats within, which are merely covered with red oil-cloth. The opera was also second-rate, and was to the splendor of the scenic arrangements what the oil-cloth was to the velvet. The house was full of people, but the dress of the audience was not so fine as we had expected in Naples. The evening dress is not *de rigueur* at Italian theatres, and people seemed to have come to San Carlo in any pleasant carelessness of costume.

VII.

The Italians are simple and natural folks, pleased through all their show of conventionality with little things, and as easy and unconscious as children in their ways. There happened to be a new *café* opened in Naples while we were there, and we had the pleasure of seeing all ranks of people affected by its magnificence. Artless throngs blocked the sidewalk day and night before

its windows, gazing upon its mirrors, fountains, and frescoes, and regarding the persons over their coffee there as beings lifted by sudden magic out of the common orbit of life and set dazzling in a higher sphere. All the waiters were uniformed and brass-buttoned to the most blinding effect, and the head waiter was a majestic creature, in a long blue coat reaching to his feet, and armed with a mighty silver-headed staff. This gorgeous apparition did nothing but walk up and down, and occasionally advance toward the door, as if to disperse the crowd. At such times, however, before executing his purpose, he would glance round on the splendors they were admiring, and, as if smitten with a sense of the enormous cruelty he had meditated in thinking to deprive them of the sight, would falter and turn away, leaving his purpose unfulfilled.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XXVI.

ATLANTA, Ga., December 31, 1865.

AUGUSTA, the second city in Georgia, and said to be advancing rapidly towards the first rank, is a well-built town, well situated on the Savannah River. My stay there was only long enough for a walk through the principal streets, which are regularly laid out, level, and so exceedingly wide as almost to dwarf the rows of buildings on either side. They were cheerful with a busy press of pedestrians of various colors, and streams of vehicles; there was a vast display of goods in the warehouses and shops, and the newspapers were filled with advertisements of every kind. By its position Augusta is the seat of a large jobbing business, the river and the railroad connect it with the ports of Charleston and Savannah, and it is enabled to avail itself of these advantages, for it has received its full measure of the Northern capital which, since the surrender, has been poured into every Southern town. Concerning this investment of capital, I listened the other day to the opinions of a young gentleman from New York, a man of business, quite young, but with the appearance of a person perfectly well informed: "I'm posted about this thing," he said; "I'm acquainted in Wall Street—very well acquainted for a man of my age—and I know their opinions there, and I've studied the working of it down here. A Northerner need n't come into this country to go into business unless he can put his money into something he can monopolize, or can buy into some Southern firm. You see if these people can trade with one of their own men, they're not going to trade with you and me. It's all natural enough—I do n't blame them; but it puts you and me under an immense disadvantage there. Then New York is bound to favor the old houses in every kind of way, and we're under another disadvantage there. You know how it is with these countrymen and country dealers; they're used to coming in and hitching their horses to the same post year after year, and you can't change 'em to a new place; you could n't if there had n't been any trouble, and of course you can't now when they're down on us. I don't believe they'd speak to a man if they knew he'd ever passed through Boston. They know in New York that one of us can't compete with these fellows; can't begin to do it. Then, again, nine in ten of the Southern business men owe any quantity of money up there, lots of it, and New York is willing to take them and set them up again, and do a great deal better by them than it would by you or me, in order to get its old debts. Of course, it's all right; I'd do the same thing myself; but that's the way it is. I've got this far looking for a chance to invest \$35,000 cash, and I'm going through to New Orleans; but I've made up my mind not to go into business unless I can get in with some old house. It would just amount to this—with their advantages they'd break a new man right down, and he'd just lose his time and money."

Of mercantile and professional pursuits this may be true. But the inducements to Northern men to come here and engage in agriculture, lumbering, and similar branches of business which, being carried on mainly by the services of the freedmen and for a foreign market, are not subject to the drawbacks above-mentioned, seem to be very great. There is apparent a willingness, often an anxiety even, to secure Northern men as lessees of plantations, and large tracts of land, well improved and productive, are everywhere offered for sale at low prices, sometimes at prices that may be called ruinously low. "These freedmen will work a heap better for a Yankee than they will for one of us," it is frequently said. Other causes of this sacrifice of lands and rents are to be found in the belief that the free labor of the negroes cannot be made profitable, and in the fact that many men who have much land have no money with which to cultivate it. But although much land may still be bought cheap, there are some signs that these causes will not continue to operate so extensively as heretofore. Often

I hear it predicted that cotton is going to command a very high price for some years to come; that therefore its culture may be profitable, though the laborers should work a smaller number of acres than in old times; and occasionally some local newspaper announces that the gloomy prospects of the planters are brightening, that the negroes who, after all, showed so commendable a spirit of devotion, faithfulness, and obedience during the war, are beginning, in certain districts, to make contracts and profess a willingness to receive a share of the crop as wages.

But, however the case may be as regards the business relations of Northern men in the South, I should consider it advisable for the newcomer, if he desires agreeable social intercourse with his neighbors, in almost any part of the South that I have yet seen, to restrain the free expression of any social or political opinions distinctively Northern. Frequently this hostility is avowed, frequently men make a merit of disclaiming it, but no one denies its existence.

The Georgia Railroad, 171 miles long, between Augusta and Atlanta, is the best which I have ridden on since leaving the North, the cars being comfortable and commodious, the officials civil, and the rate of speed more than fourteen miles an hour. It was on a Sunday that I made the journey, and all day the rain was pouring steadily, so that we could see the country turning to mud as we passed and every stream growing yellower. We were able to ride all the way, however, for the bridges stood until the following morning, and our train went on without delay. Among the passengers were Jews, drummers from New York, a few women, and men from nearly every Southern State. Everybody seemed resolved to lighten as much as possible the fatigues of travelling. Some slept, there were many whiskey-flasks in circulation, fowls were eaten, the newspapers of Chicago, Louisville, and Nashville could be bought, a one-armed man in the rebel uniform sold cigars, and it was assumed that the ladies would make no objection if they were smoked. In the course of the afternoon two or three of my neighbors, who had told each other all the stories they knew, began comparing their pistols and disputing about the comparative merits of the various patterns. "Good for your side, gentlemen," said a man, drawing near, "if you've got pistols; but I do n't ask a pistol while I've got this fellow," and he displayed a heavy knife with a broad blade some eight or nine inches long. He praised it as a faithful companion during the war and as being a fine imitation of the real old Arkansas toothpick. It might be called a toothpick anyhow, for it was a dentist made it, a right clever, ingenious fellow that could make anything. That silver mounting on the handle was four Mexican dollars melted down. In a difficulty it was the prettiest thing in the world; would n't miss and made no noise. All the company handled it and admired it. Then, addressing me, he explained how he could kill me with it in one minute—yes, under a minute, if I did n't understand its use. A man should know the weapon or take something else. Then he showed how a man unaccustomed to it would probably attack with it, and how, in that manner o' fightin', he'd be killed right away. It should be held in the right hand with the point forward, not downward, and in making a pass with it one must thrust over or under the left arm, which is always to be held as a guard across the heart, protecting the body from the blows of one's antagonist. Of course he always expected to get his left arm pretty much cut up when he fought with a knife.

As we approached Atlanta, of course we saw burned buildings at the way stations, rails fantastically twisted and bent, and ruined locomotives—remembrances of Sherman and Johnston. It was too dark when we arrived in the city to see anything but the lights and an occasional rocket shooting through the rain. It was Christmas Eve, and it appears to be usual in the South to celebrate the coming of this festival with Chinese crackers and other fireworks.

Atlanta, as I saw it on Christmas morning, was a most cheerless and mean-looking place. The sky was dropping rain, and under foot the mud was almost ankle-deep. It had rained for three weeks. People walked slowly, treading with careful steps in the footprints—slowly getting narrower in the soft mud—of those who had ventured before them. The middle of the city is a great open space of irregular shape, a wilderness of mud, with a confused jumble of railway sheds, and traversed by numberless rails, rusted and splashed, where strings of dirty cars are standing, and engines constantly puff and whistle. In one place I saw beside the track a heap of bones and skulls of animals, collected from battle-fields and the line of march for some factory, moulding and blackening in the wet weather. Bricks and blocks of stone and other rubbish were everywhere. Around this central square the city was formerly built, and is now again building. Unfinished houses are to be seen on every hand; scaffolding, mortar-beds, and lime-barrels, piles of lumber and bricks and mounds of sand, choke every street, and the whole place on working days resounds with the noise of car-

penters and masons. The city is hardly less pleasing to the eye than the people. A great many rough-looking fellows hang about the numerous shops and the shanties among the ruins where liquor is sold, and a knot of them cluster at each street corner. The grey coats are almost as numerous as the blue uniforms, often very dirty, of the white and negro soldiers, some of whom are always on guard in the streets. White women are but seldom seen, perhaps because the sidewalks are nearly impassable; the men are obliged to wear the bottoms of their trousers tucked in their boots. Negroes of all colors abound.

But though Atlanta, in spite of its newness, has a cheap and squalid look, which is depressing, it evinces much energy and life. Trade of all kinds is extremely active; the city is full of goods; and though the number of traders seems inordinately great, new ones are pushing into business. To a stranger it appears as if the feverish activity of the mercantile community must eventually bring on a crash, but the citizens indulge in glowing anticipations of the future prosperity and growth of their town. They point to the railroads centering here, and say that if the country around to be supplied with goods was poorer than it is and less productive, the mere storage and trans-shipment of freight would suffice to make Atlanta a great city.

In walking about the town on Christmas morning my attention was attracted by a crowd of two hundred colored people and a few whites gathered about the door of the City Hall. They were listening to an address from Col. Curkendall, of the Freedmen's Bureau. He had made many a horse-shoe nail, he said, but he had never before made a speech. All his life he had been a working-man, and he supposed that they too would be working-men as long as they lived. He had the meanest kind of a camp close by, with about 650 colored people in it receiving rations from the Government, and if any one of his audience was not able-bodied and could get no work to do and was starving, he would put him into that camp and let him have a little hard-tack and a poor place to sleep till he could find some work to do. There was no comfort for them anywhere without hard work for honest wages. No land would be given them. They knew that, it was responded from the crowd. Very well, then, they probably knew that some persons were expecting a negro insurrection about this time. Yes, they said; yes, colonel, they knew that, too, and they agreed with him that, though he was not a very big man, he would be able to put down all the insurrectionary movements that would be made by the negroes of Northern Georgia. He believed they would behave like men. Every right that he had, except one, was already theirs by law. The right of suffrage they would probably get if they showed themselves qualified to exercise it. In the exercise of every other right he would certainly protect them. Exact justice should be administered, whether it took a black man or a white man to jail. Then the colonel spoke of education, and gave good advice in reference to a great many points of conduct and character, and at the end was loudly applauded. When he told them that there were many good men in Georgia who would be their friends if they were industrious and well-behaved, who would deal justly with them and take care that the bad men of the community did not impose upon them, the negroes cordially assented. "That's what we want," they said, when he told them that hard work and the education of their children would soon put the ballot into the hands of every negro in the South.

I noticed in the crowd several men with badges of colored ribbons. They were members of two associations, I was informed—the Union League and the Sons of Liberty—which have been formed for mutual aid and counsel. Neither of them is a secret society, and both have invited the inspection of the Freedmen's Bureau. As the meeting broke up I walked toward my hotel, and was soon overtaken by a soldier who walked along beside me and wished me a merry Christmas. "It's Christmas Day," he said; "that's what's the matter." Then in a minute, as we met two negroes, he added, "And I'm goin' to punch every d—d nigger I see." With that he struck first one and then the other negro a violent blow in the face. The men seemed too much astonished to retaliate. Afterwards quite an affray occurred between some white soldiers and negroes, which resulted in some slight injuries to the latter, two being wounded by bullets, and in the arrest of the soldiers by the provost-marshal's guard, which patrolled the streets for the rest of the day. In the course of the afternoon a colored man was shot and killed by a citizen in an altercation about the right to the sidewalk. I also met a negro who had been severely wounded above the eyes with a knife, and was then on his way to Col. Curkendall to make complaint. Besides these, I heard of no disturbances on Christmas. I had believed that the reputation of Atlanta in respect to these things was never very good, but I am told (it would be hard to say how truly, for the police is inefficient) that no more than five assaults ending fatally had occurred in the

city in the preceding months of 1865. In December two were added to this list.

At the office of the Freedmen's Bureau in Atlanta it was said, in answer to my questions, that a minority of the planters are disposed to treat their laborers kindly and justly. A majority are indisposed to give adequate wages and to recognize in practice that the negroes are free; that the negroes evinced an unwillingness to make contracts unless in cases where the person wishing to employ them was a Northern man. The names of three men were given me, all of whom had been officers in the federal army, who proposed planting cotton next year, and who were offering as wages twelve dollars a month, together with board, clothing, and medical attendance; that no courts had as yet been established for the trial of cases in which negroes are parties, but every case is tried, and all sentences are passed, by the colonel himself; that the operations of the Bureau are to a great extent crippled by the want of cavalry; cases of fraud and cruelty occurring at a distance from the town and from railroads necessarily go unpunished; that the military officers throughout the district of which Col. Curkendall has charge could probably be depended upon to do justice between the whites and the negroes; that very few complaints of any kind had ever been reported by the garrison officers in the country. In the Atlanta office I found recorded, as having occurred during the fortnight ending Dec. 13, four cases of abuse and cruelty which had been punished by the imposition of fines varying in amount from twenty to one hundred and fifty dollars. Two complaints, one of assault with intent to kill, and one of assault and robbery, were made while I was in the office. The average number of applications for redress is twelve each day.

Correspondence.

PAPER TOO FINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Why should a great standard history be always printed on the whitest of paper? The booksellers and editors seem to make it an important recommendation to such a work that the paper is very fine and very costly. If this point can be secured, in addition to all the rest, it is assumed to be the finishing touch of excellence.

Americans living among Chinamen wonder to see the blindness of that whole people in respect to some things so very obvious that any half-witted boy of our own race perceives them in a moment. A Chinese joiner laying joist for a chamber floor is sure to lay it flat-wise; if he is remonstrated with he cannot see; if his attention is directed to the fact that, if laid on its edge, it holds up the floor without breaking or bending, he only replies that a plank is a thing made to lie flat-wise, and any other position is unnatural and absurd. There is no mystery even in theology greater than that of the intellect of a whole civilized nation being in the close neighborhood of a great improvement—the idea presented and almost pushed in its face every day for centuries—and yet no one, not even the most gifted mind, ever seizing it.

It is truly wonderful that no loud remonstrance, not even a faint expression of uneasiness, so far as I know, has ever been heard on this subject from the reading men of the country at large. The vast majority of them have small salaries; they can spare about so much a year for books; certain famous historical works many of them feel that they must have, if possible. Darker paper, in no way offensive to correct taste; better for the eyes than a brilliant snow-white; equally tough and durable; the surface smooth; the type, the ink, the very same; the thoughts and the style of the historian not a whit the less impressive; the price reduced one-half—why is it not a real benefit, a great benefit? If I can buy Merivale and Palfrey on coarser paper for the cost of Merivale alone on finer, shall I be told that the fine quality of the fine paper of one of them is of more value to me than the learning and eloquence of the other? I have never heard that the Germans find any inconvenience in dark, cheap paper; on the contrary, it enables poor students to buy large libraries.

Strange it is, too, that while our editors are continually preaching to us that the diffusion of knowledge is of the utmost importance to the success of our republican experiment, they are continually commending a practice the tendency of which is to shut out the particular kind of knowledge which, confessedly, Americans most of all need—a large and familiar acquaintance with history. If not the very leaders in the highest sense, at least the transmitters of thought—the multitudes of the country clergy and lawyers, the teachers of academies, the poor printers, the considerable number of well-off farmers, and others who buy books—these are no able

to buy much history, because the paper is so very nice. Many such a man has *some* sense of the value of a standard history; he is willing to give four, five, or six dollars, but not twelve, fifteen, or twenty. When I read editorial praise of splendid paper, I think of a crier going up and down our streets in country and city, calling the attention of the hungry poor to the choice food of a great hotel at five dollars a meal.

The origin of this white-paper bondage, I suppose, was the desire to equal the English press. We ought to have got above that folly by this time. Here we find accumulating a long list of instructive and charming historical works: Vaughan, Craik, Lecky, Palgrave, Palfrey, Parkman, Massy, Merivale, Martineau, Martin—treasures past utterance. Hundreds of men of moderate income could keep up with the press and buy these very important original and elaborate works but for the enormous cost of the fine paper, brought in by a silly, self-destructive rivalry. And it is passing strange that the numerous distressing expenses created by the war have not suggested the thought of cheaper, very much cheaper, paper—at least not to any such extent as to prove a sensible relief. I meddle not with the frivolous; let them have their tinted trash, their lily-white, and their gilt edges. Men who have learned to love history can afford to put away childish things.

If this communication falls under the eye of an enterprising publisher, I venture to propose an experiment: Try an edition of some great history on dark and cheap, but tough and durable, paper. If very dark indeed, darker than any respectable publisher ever ventured upon in this country, dark as some of the paper of the learned and sensible Germans, still it will be so much lighter than the ink that it will be read as easily as the very white. Prejudice will start back; some of the editors may call the paper "execrable," "abominable," "repulsively coarse," "discreditable to the American name," and the like; but if the edition goes off, the victory will be grand, and the benefit to the country, as an ice-breaker, beyond estimate.

N.

SOUTHERN WELCOME TO NORTHERN IDEAS.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, Mo., January 11, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

I am aware that the time of my subscription for THE NATION has expired. I have read it with deep interest and with much benefit to myself, and only regret that I am unable to renew my subscription at this commencement of the year.

I have just returned from a two months' business trip in ———. I left orders to have THE NATION forwarded to me, but soon found it for my interest to countermand them. I found it very unpopular, besides a little unsafe, for a person to be caught reading anything like an anti-slavery or radical journal. The only way that a person can live there in safety and do business (outside of a military post) is to profess to be a Democrat with Southern proclivities, endorse all they say and do, curse the abolitionists, the Republican party with all its leaders, and, in fact, denounce every principle for which we have struggled during this rebellion. They are not a unit on these matters, but sufficient of this spirit exists among all classes to cause it to be unsafe and unprofitable for a Northern man to do business there without adopting this course. To say nothing causes suspicion. Their principal periodicals are a few Memphis dailies and the New York *Metro-politan Record*. This last appears to be their text-book, and the number of copies that are circulated through that country is surprising. They fear and despise the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau, the military, and the negroes. The latter they wish to control themselves, or else have them taken from the country.

There is a diversity of opinion regarding labor, and how they are to raise their cotton under the new order of things. Some are in favor of encouraging foreign and Northern emigration. But their prejudices are too strong yet for this scheme to be popular. They hate the *Yankees* (as they term all Northern men) with a vengeance. I heard an ex-rebel officer say that, if this earth was a bombshell, and he held the fuse, he would soon get satisfaction from the d——d Yankees. Such expressions are common.

I intend returning to ——— or going to Texas in the spring, and, of course, shall be deprived of the privilege of reading THE NATION for the present.

Respectfully,

[The above communication confirms quite strikingly the statements of 'A. W. K.' presented last week. From both it is clear that the influences on which we rely for regenerating Southern society are impotent, for the reason that the South will not tolerate their introduction. In spite of war and victory the North has not gained for her citizens the

right to travel from the Ohio to the Gulf with unfettered lips and uncowed consciences. While this is so, it is idle to look for that assimilation on which we depend for the future harmony of the two sections. Until we can have free speech and free thought in every corner of the South, we must despair of shaking the now reigning alliance of brute force, ignorance, and unconquered hatred.—ED. NATION.]

Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

SCARCELY the ripple of a rumor disturbs the calm surface of the publishing trade in America at the present time. The quiet, however, is not that of death, but of fulness of life. Like the nations who have no history, the absence of notoriety implies plenty and prosperity. New engagements and enterprises are rarely entered on, because all parties find profitable employment in the fulfilment of plans long previously adopted and the supply of stock already established in the market. The constantly increasing cost of manufacturing books, arising from the high price of paper, etc., is the prevailing topic of interest among the trade. It appears certain that a strong effort will be made during the present Congress to relieve all branches of trade connected with the commerce of literature from the taxation of the internal revenue system, as without this the production of books will cease to be profitable—in view of the superior facilities enjoyed abroad—and to increase the duty on foreign books would be a measure at once unpopular, and opposed to the revenue principle of the present tariff. Large orders have gone out for paper from Belgium, forwarded by most of the publishing firms of importance. From some unexplained causes, this youngest of the European kingdoms is monopolizing the supply of the lower-priced printing papers, and has already beaten English enterprise and capital in their own country, the daily customs returns of goods entered at the port of London averaging some hundred bales of Belgium paper. It is used most extensively for newspapers, popular magazines, and other cheap publications, and is now, in spite of a high duty, largely making its way into the United States.

—One of the most curious things in Mr. Wheeler's very curious and learned "Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction," lately published by Ticknor & Fields, is his identification of "Mother Goose"—the Mother Goose of the world-famous "Melodies"—with a real person of New England origin. According to Mr. Wheeler, she belonged to a wealthy family in Boston, where her eldest daughter, Elizabeth Goose, was married by Cotton Mather, in 1715, to an enterprising and industrious printer named Thomas Fleet, and in due time gave birth to a son. Like most mothers-in-law in our day, the importance of Mrs. Goose increased with the appearance of her grandchild, and poor Mr. Fleet, half distracted with her endless nursery ditties, finding all other means fail, tried what ridicule could effect, and actually printed a book with the title, "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet, at his Printing House, Pudding Lane (now Devonshire Street), Boston. 1719. Price ten coppers." Mr. Wheeler does not mention where a copy of this *editio princeps* may be seen or its current value among New England antiquaries. His circumstantial account, which we have abridged above, is written with all the seriousness of truth, but it is certainly a remarkable coincidence that the same name should have been used in another language by Perrault, in his "Contes de ma Mère Oye" (Mother Goose), twenty years before, in 1697. The general currency of cant names and words when once adopted is very remarkable, and has never been explained. There are in works of the beginning of the last century two accounts of a noted commander of the West India merchantman, *Black Eagle*, Captain Fudge, called from his notorious habit of romancing Lying Fudge; and there can scarcely be a doubt that Mr. Burchell's famous exclamation "Fudge," long a part of the language, took its rise from this individual. A better known instance is the verb "to chouse"—this certainly originated with the rogues and impositions of a foreign impostor who passed himself off as a Turkish "chiaus" or envoy during the reign of Charles II., and is often referred to in the literature of the time.

—Until the publication of his new book, where the fact is mentioned, we were unaware that the long absence and apparent desertion, indeed, of his native land, by Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," were caused by his official position as United States Consul at Birmingham. The duties of his post are probably not of a confining nature; at all events they did not suffer by the pleasant two months' stroll, on foot, described in "A Walk from London to Land's End and Back, with Notes by the Way," just brought out in

London by S. Low & Co. The adventure was undertaken in the summer of 1864, a year in which Mr. Burritt sums up his exertions by saying, "In addition to this pedestrianism, I have written a book of four hundred pages, travelled several thousand miles by railway, lectured about sixty times, and performed other labors with foot, tongue, and pen; so, on the whole, it has been one of the busiest as well as the most enjoyable years of my life." Mr. Burritt's descriptions and reflections show a mind of native refinement as well as a taste cultivated by learning. The English have had few travellers among them so disposed to take a kindly view of things, and appear well satisfied with the impressions recorded by the author.

—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce that they "hope to publish" Mr. Baker's important book, "The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations at the Nile Sources," to be illustrated by wood-engravings and chromo-lithographs from Mr. Baker's sketches, and a new map of his route through regions previously unexplored. The fact that in all his arduous and perilous adventures he was accompanied by his wife, "who by her conduct has shown what the wife of a gallant explorer can accomplish in duty to her husband" (to quote the rather awkward words of Sir Roderick Murchison), is a new feature in the annals of African discovery, and lends a more lively interest to the history of the expedition. Mrs. Baker's endurance seems to have been heroic; on one occasion she remained insensible for *seven days* from the effects of a sunstroke.

—The attempt to combine an intellectual feature with the material triumphs of art and industry at the French Universal Exposition of 1867 is likely to meet with success, according to the plan announced by M. Duruy, Minister of Public Instruction. The reports recording the literary, scientific, and moral achievements of France for the last twenty years are being undertaken by the most competent persons, with the certainty of a valuable result. To M. Sainte-Beuve is entrusted the survey of literary subjects; Vicomte de Guernoniere will report on the progress of moral science and political economy; M. Leverrier on astronomy; and M. Dumas on mathematics and physics. Other branches of knowledge will be undertaken by savans equally capable with those already named of doing them justice.

—In a letter to the *Athenaeum* Mr. John Payne Collier gives some curious particulars about the destination of his privately printed series of books relating to Elizabethan literature, etc., undertaken with a view of rendering it impossible that some of the rarest and most valuable English books should ever be lost to our language. Concerning the destination of the fifty copies to which the impressions are limited, he says: "Among the millions who compose our metropolitan population only a single exemplar is taken. The British Museum has not one of the originals (so far as I can ascertain from the multifarious and overgrown catalogues), and yet it has never given the slightest support to my undertaking. In London and its neighborhood there is no library, either public or private, that seems to wish to possess even such a book as a faithful reproduction of the first edition of the works of Lord Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt, whose poems almost alone fill the long dreary interval between the reigns of Richard II. or Henry IV. and that of Elizabeth. I am not disheartened by this fact, because elsewhere I have met with abundant support, especially in Scotland, Germany, and the United States, while several of my printed performances find their way even to Egypt, the Cape of Good Hope, India, and Australia." A nearly complete set of these choice reprints is in the possession of Mr. David G. Francis, of 506 Broadway, under whose care is rapidly progressing the beautiful "Riverside Press" reprint of Mr. Collier's "Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language," with the sanction of the venerable author, who expresses his great gratification at this proof of the estimation of his labors in behalf of the early literature of England, the common inheritance of both countries.

—The vagaries of the censorship of the press in France have often been exhibited in a ludicrous fashion, but the last instance of the application of its powers seems really too absurd to be true—as we are assured it is. It seems that a gentleman well known in France as a translator of English books—Mr. William Hughes—lately applied to the office of the censorship, technically known as the Paris Board of Index, for the necessary permission to authorize the sale of a French version of Thackeray's "Jeames's Diary," named for the foreign market "Memoirs of an English Valet." The official stamp legalizing the publication, however, was refused, on the grounds that the book "contains strictures on the British aristocracy of such intense acerbity that remonstrances from her Majesty's Government might be the consequence of its authorized circulation!" It is of course in vain to pry into the mysterious depths of the Imperial policy, but it would almost seem that its creatures had an inkling of the honest warfth and indignation that inspired all Thackeray's writings respecting the unreasoning infatuation of

Napoleonism and the tinsel splendors of the Second Empire. An additional evidence of this tendency is given in the last number of the "Cornhill Magazine." It contains a reprint of an entire small volume by Thackeray, "The Second Funeral of Napoleon, by Michael Angelo Titmarsh." It was published in London in 1841, but fell so dead from the press that it is almost as good as MS. The work is not in Thackeray's best vein, and is scarcely worth resuscitating except for the interest now felt in everything belonging to him. A friend communicates a note received from him in answer to the intimation of the non-success of the tiny volume. "So your poor Titmarsh has made another *fiasco*. How are we to take this great stupid public by the ears? Never mind, I think I have something that will surprise them yet." This was evidently an allusion to Vanity Fair, which he had begun at that time.

—Translations of Homer have taken their place as an established literary feature of the time; a new one might be chronicled almost every week. The latest mentioned is a complete version of the "Iliad" by a gentleman whose fame was won in other fields, Sir John Herschel. He is not, however, entirely unknown as a translator, having published the first book of the "Iliad" in the "Cornhill Magazine" a year or two ago. It was in hexameter verse, from which it is fair to infer that the forthcoming version will be in the same measure. A new translation of the "Odyssey" has appeared by the Rev. George Musgrave, in two volumes, similar in appearance to Lord Derby's "Iliad." The author professes to have written it on the sofa during the intervals of a long attack of gout, and adds, "Lord Derby, as we all know, wrote his translation under similar circumstances." This exquisitely simple claim of circumstantial literary relationship reminds one of what Dickens calls "the profoundly unreasonable grounds on which an editor is often urged to accept unsuitable articles—such as having been to school with the writer's husband's brother-in-law or having lent an alpenstock, in Switzerland, to the writer's wife's nephew, when that interesting stranger had broken his own." The highest honors of Homeric translation seem reserved, in the opinion of the best judges, for Mr. Philip L. Worsley, who makes use of the Spenserian stanza in his new version of the "Iliad," as he had already employed it with equal success for the "Odyssey," published a few years since by Messrs. Blackwood.

—The name of Sir Edmund Head is mentioned, apparently by authority, as the probable successor to Mr. Antonio Panizzi on his contemplated retirement from the office of chief librarian at the British Museum. This seems a remarkable change of circumstances for a man who was for seven years, as Governor General of Canada, viceroy of a great empire. Sir Edmund has, however, shown his literary taste by appearing several times as an author. One of his best known works is "The Hand-Book of Spanish Painters," published uniformly with the first edition of Kugler's "Italian School," and now out of print. His latest book is a small philological tract, "Two Chapters on Shall and Will." Sir Edmund Head is sometimes confounded with his cousin, Sir Francis Head, the better known and highly popular writer of "Rough Notes of a Journey across the Pampas," and "Babbles from the Brunnen of Nassau," a book that made the fortune of several of the more obscure German watering-places by the crowds of English attracted to them by Sir Francis Head's eulogies of their salubrity and the cheapness of their accommodations. Sir Francis is the senior of Sir Edmund by about ten years, and was born in 1793.

—The number of fine-art biographies will be increased by a book now in press by Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh, "Life of David Roberts, R.A., compiled from his Journals and other Sources, by James Ballantine. Illustrated with etchings by the artist, and engravings from his pen-and-ink sketches." Roberts was remarkable for the neatness and precision of all his drawings, writings, etc. Like Claude Lorraine, he kept a "Liber Veritatis," a catalogue of every picture he executed, with a drawing of it, and the particulars of its sale, purchaser, etc. His diaries, journals, etc., form an unusually ample store of materials for a biographer. It has been remarked that of all professional classes lawyers form the subjects of the most interesting biographies, and doctors of the worst. Biographies of artists have until late been hardly numerous enough in English to admit of comparison. One of the first of the series—Northcote's "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," ranks among the best; and at the very opposite end of the scale must be placed one of the latest and most pretentious, Thornbury's "Life of Turner." The memoirs of William Hunt, the water-color painter, with chromo-lithographs of some of his matchless gems of color, are also promised for the present season.

—The scheme for an exhibition of historical British portraits, forming a chronological series of contemporary representatives of distinguished men of the British Islands, is proceeding to completion with great success, and is expected to form the most interesting of the exhibitions of the

coming season in London, artistically as well as historically. It was set on foot by Lord Derby, with whom most of the nobility and public bodies, as the universities, etc., are in co-operation, under the management of a commission of the fine arts connected with the Government schools of design. The gallery made use of is a portion of the building employed for a similar purpose at the great Exhibition of 1862. It is calculated to hold about eight hundred pictures. This number, it was estimated, would afford sufficient room to include the great men of history as low down as the Revolution of 1688, but it is now said that the *embarras de richesse* will place the limit of this first exhibition about the era of Cromwell and the Commonwealth. In the scrutiny for original portraits now in active operation, many choice pictures will undoubtedly be disinterred from the ancestral manor-houses where they have long remained disregarded. The commissioners have issued a list of persons of whom they desire to procure original paintings. Some of them are known familiarly by engravings, but of course the object is to trace the present abiding-place of the picture from which the print was copied. Among the desiderata are portraits of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham the Protestant martyr, Cardinal Beaufort, Perkin Warbeck the pretender, John Skelton, the poet, Thomas Sternhold of psalmic fame, Edmund Spenser, George Chapman, Dr. Donne, Michael Drayton, George Herbert, Richard Hooker, Philip Massinger, William Chillingworth, John Hampden, Sir George Etherege, and Sir Charles Sedley.

—The late work of Dr. Pusey, intended as a peace-offering to allay the heat of the combatants of the Anglican and Roman Catholic Church, has proved to be highly provocative of controversy, and already answers to it are advertised as speedily forthcoming from the three most prominent writers and members of the Catholic hierarchy. They are: "Letter to Dr. Pusey on his recent *Irenicon*," by John Henry Newman, D.D.; "The Leading Topics of Dr. Pusey's Work reviewed in a Letter to Archbishop Manning," by F. Oakeley; and "Doctrine and Practice of the Catholic Church in respect to the Worship of the Blessed Virgin Mary," by the Most Rev. H. E. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, all to be published by Messrs. Longman, who seem to have become the chief literary organs of the Catholic Church in England.

—By the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, president of the Royal Academy and director of the National Gallery, England has lost a painter of elegant but comparatively feeble executive power, and a connoisseur probably unequalled for his knowledge of art-history and antiquities. Few of his own paintings will endure; but those purchased under his direction for the national collection attest the purity of taste and fine feeling for spiritual art that characterized Sir Charles Eastlake's mental sympathies. In literature, he translated Goethe's "Theory of Colors," and wrote "Materials for a History of Oil Painting" and "Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts." His presidency of the Royal Academy dates from 1850, when he succeeded Sir Martin Archer Shee, and was knighted. On the death of Delaroche, he filled his place as honorary member of the French Academy at Rome, and was one of the few foreign members of the French Legion of Honor.

SMITH'S CONCISE DICTIONARY.*

In a recent notice of "Kitto's Cyclopædia" we sketched the progress of Biblical literature from the date when Taylor's edition of "Calmet" was the principal book of reference in this department accessible to the English reader. We also pointed out the characteristic differences between the revised and enlarged edition of Kitto and the "Dictionary of the Bible" edited by William Smith, LL.D., the well-known editor of the dictionaries of "Greek and Roman Antiquities," "Biography and Mythology," and "Geography." Both these works were designed for the use of students and scholars. They are elaborate, critical, and ponderous; dealing much in minutiae, abounding in learned terms and references, detailing the processes of investigation, and extending, in both cases, to three large and costly octavo volumes. The want of a popular dictionary of the Bible, which should embody in a single volume the best results of all this elaborate criticism, was still to be supplied; and to meet this want Dr. Smith placed his dictionary in the hands of Mr. W. A. Wright, M.A., Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, for the purpose of condensation. The result is one volume of 1,040 pages, in place of three volumes numbering in all 3,154 pages octavo, double column.

This "Concise Dictionary" is almost literally a condensation of the original work. In some cases, however, the articles are substantially new-

and, on the other hand, a few topics treated in the larger work are omitted from this—sometimes, doubtless, through inadvertence (*e. g.*, Areopagus or Mars-Hill). The condensation is effected mainly by the omission of matter not essential to the comprehension of the subject by the general reader, such as collateral illustrations from classical and historical sources, theories of interpretation, disquisitions upon words, etc. Commonly the language of the original article is kept unchanged, and the sentences are so dovetailed together that no break is perceived.

The article on "Moses" is a good illustration. This is condensed from nine pages to three and a half. A paragraph upon the etymology of his name is omitted. The references to the materials for his life are abbreviated by the omission of the clauses of the original which we here indicate in brackets: I. The details preserved in the [four last books of the] Pentateuch. II. The allusions in the Prophets and Psalms [which in a few instances seem independent of the Pentateuch]. V. The Mussulman traditions in the Koran and the Arabian legends [as given in Weil's "Biblical Legends," D'Herbelot, and Lane's "Selections"]. Such omissions do not impair the value of the article for the general reader. A correction of the Koran in its genealogy of Moses, an account of the tribe of Levi, of Aaron and Miriam in their relation to Moses, fables and traditions concerning his life, the amplification of minor points in his history—these all are omitted, while the main biography proceeds naturally and smoothly in the very language of Dean Stanley in the original article. Taken as a whole, the "Concise Dictionary" is a happy example of editorial curtailment.

But Mr. Wright has not altogether succeeded in popularizing the dictionary. The original work was prepared for men of education, and its language and composition are at their level. The mere abridgment of such a work, therefore, retaining its style throughout, does not adapt it to another class of readers. The editor should have re-written the work in a simple, popular style, adhering closely to the results of the original, but avoiding all technical and professional phraseology. Ministers, theological students, and all persons who devote themselves to a critical study of the Scriptures will, of course, require the larger work; and the abridgment should have been prepared without reference to them. Hebrew, Greek, and Latin terms are an encumbrance to a work intended for popular use, and these should have been omitted except where they occur in the English version of the Bible.

The "Concise Dictionary" should also have omitted all unsettled theories of criticism—as belonging to the field of pure scholarship—or have stated them in brief as theories with the positive and negative arguments concerning them. For such a work, designed for general use and likely to be taken as an authority, should not be in the interest of any particular school of criticism. The editor appears to have been mindful of this distinction between a book for scholars and a book for the people; and he has omitted much of the destructive criticism which had found its way into the original work. Still, there are traces of this, as in the articles on Genesis and the Pentateuch. It is assumed as a settled point in Biblical criticism, that the Pentateuch "did not assume its present shape till its revision was undertaken by Ezra, after the return from the Babylonish captivity." But this is a point upon which Hebrew scholars are by no means agreed, and many eminent names are arrayed against the conclusion here assumed. This should, therefore, have been given simply as an unsettled theory; and the reasons against its adoption should have been enumerated as well as the arguments in its favor. In the main, however, this dictionary treats such indeterminate questions with candor and with no marked prejudice for a particular theory. It admits, for example, that the Pentateuch was substantially derived from Moses; that "the Books of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers are, to a great extent, Mosaic;" that "Deuteronomy, excepting the concluding part, is entirely the work of Moses;" and that "the Book of Genesis was probably brought to very nearly its present shape either by Moses himself or by one of the elders who acted under him." While it adopts the theory that the Book of Genesis was a compilation from older documents it argues that this "does not in the least militate against the divine authority of the book." Indeed, the "Concise Dictionary" distinctly recognizes the inspiration of the Scriptures and the supernatural element which so frequently appears in their narratives. Its treatment of the Christian miracles is lucid and philosophical, refuting the naturalistic and the mythical explanations of them, and showing that it is impossible to account for the existence of the Christian religion and the life and character of Jesus Christ, "if the miraculous facts of Christianity did not really occur." The apprehension of critical and theological unsoundness which was awakened in some quarters by the larger dictionary of Dr. Smith is not warranted by the general tone of the "Concise Dictionary."

The principle upon which questions of natural history and physical science are treated in the dictionary is laid down in the following statement:

* "A Concise Dictionary of the Bible, comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History: Being a Condensation of the larger Dictionary. Edited by William Smith, LL.D." Boston: Little Brown & Co.

"The teaching of the Bible is accommodated to the knowledge and opinions of those to whom its language is addressed; and the observations of naturalists are no more an argument against the truth of the Word of God than are the ascertained laws of astronomical science." This, however, is a defective statement; since a manifest contradiction between the facts of science and the declarations of the Bible would impeach the claim of the latter to the infallibility of a divine revelation. The true principle is, that the obvious purpose of the Bible being the inculcation of moral truth, we should not look to it for a scientific observation of the phenomena of nature; and that inasmuch as it is a book for popular and universal use, we must treat its language as popular and not as scientific. Hence seeming contradictions between the facts of science and the incidental allusions of the Bible to physical phenomena may commonly be resolved into peculiarities of Hebrew idiom or the generalizations of popular language. Thus the Hebrew *chertz* may denote either the *earth* in opposition to the *heaven*, or *country*, *land*, a portion of the earth's surface defined by natural or civil boundaries, or the earth as *inhabited* and known to us. Hence the geological evidence that the Noachic flood was not universal does not contradict the narrative in Genesis. Neither does the statement concerning the animals taken into the ark require to be literally understood of all species on the face of the globe. But, on the other hand, the "Concise Dictionary" goes too far in affirming that there were many original centres of distribution for the existing species of animals, since that point is not settled by the unanimous consent of naturalists. It is as yet only a theory.

Again, there is a substantial agreement between geology and Genesis in respect to the order of creation; and apparent discrepancies may yet be reconciled by a better systematizing of the facts of geology and a better understanding of the Hebrew idiom concerning "days" and "the beginning." Upon the whole, the dictionary treats of the natural history of the Bible with a wise discrimination as to the relations of science and criticism.

In its articles upon ecclesiastical subjects the writers have not been always to forget that they were of the Church of England, and the articles on "the Church," "Bishops," etc., propound the episcopal theory as a matter-of-fact. Still, the article on the "Priest" states truly that "there is no trace of an order in the new Christian society bearing the name and exercising functions like those of the priests of the older covenant. It was the thought of a succeeding age that the old classification of the high-priest, priests, and Levites was reproduced in the bishops, priests, and deacons of the Christian church."

A careful revision of the dictionary by an impartial hand would remove the occasional defects which we have pointed out in this article, and would correct the somewhat numerous instances of erroneous and inharmonious orthography and punctuation. But these defects do not greatly detract from the substantial merits of the work. The "Concise Dictionary" is by far the best popular hand-book of the Bible in the English language. It is a monument, too, of English scholarship; for, though German sources have been largely drawn upon in the composition of the work, the articles are all from English writers, with the exception of the contributions of four Americans. The names of these last, however, have been suppressed in the list of contributors, though their labors have been freely used!

HEREWARD.*

MR. KINGSLEY has written nothing better than this recital of the adventures of Hereward, son of the famous Lady Godiva of Coventry, and the "grim earl," Leofric, her husband—who as a boy, under King Edward the Confessor, was outlawed, as too hard a case for his parents to manage; who took service with foreign princes and turned sea-rover on his own account; who was the last of the Berserkers and the first of the knights-errant; who performed unparalleled feats of valor and of cunning; who on the Duke of Normandy's invasion of England felt himself, in spite of his outlawry, still an Englishman at heart, sailed over to England, and collected an army to contest the Norman rights; who contested them long and bravely, in the fen-country of Lincolnshire, but at last found the invaders too many for him and was driven for a subsistence to the greenwood, where he set the fashion to Robin Hood and the dozen other ballad-heroes whom the author enumerates; who under his reverses grew cold and faithless to the devoted wife whom he had married out of Flanders, and who had followed his fortunes over land and sea; who, repudiating Torfrida, thought to patch up his prospects by a base union with a Norman princess, for whom he had cherished an earlier but an unworthy passion, and by a tardy submission to the new

king; but who at last, disappointed, humiliated, demoralized by idleness, fell a victim, in his stalwart prime, to the jealousy of the Norman knights.

Mr. Kingsley's hero, as the reader sees, is an historical figure, duly celebrated in the contemporary and other chronicles, Anglo-Saxon and Norman. How many of his adventures are fiction does not here signify, inasmuch as they were destined to become fiction in Mr. Kingsley's novel; and, as the elements of a novel by a man of genius, become animated with a more lively respectability than could ever accrue to them as parcels of dubious history. For his leading points, Mr. Kingsley abides by his chroniclers, who, on their side, abide by tradition. Tradition had made of Hereward's adventures a most picturesque and romantic story; and they have assuredly lost none of their qualities in Mr. Kingsley's hands. Hereward is a hero quite after his own heart; one whose virtue, in the antique sense, comes ready-made to his use; so that he has to supply this article only in its modern significance. The last representative of unadulterated English grit, of what is now the rich marrow of the English character, could not, with his generous excesses and his simple shortcomings, but forcibly inspire our author's imagination. He was a hero, covered with those glories which as a poet, of an epic turn, as an admirable story-teller and describer, and as an Englishman, Mr. Kingsley would delight to relate; and he was a man, subject to those masculine foibles over which, in his ecclesiastical and didactic character, our author would love to moralize. Courage has ever been in Mr. Kingsley's view the divine fact in human nature; and courage, as bravely understood as he understands it, is assuredly an excellent thing. He has done his best to make it worthy of its high position; his constant effort has been to prove that it is not an easy virtue. He has several times shown us that a man may be rich in that courage which is the condition of successful adventure, but that he may be very much afraid of his duty. In fact, almost every one of his heroes has been compelled to make good his heroism by an act of signal magnanimity. In this manner Kingsley has insisted upon the worthlessness of the greatest natural strength when unaccompanied by a corresponding strength of soul. One of his remote disciples has given a name to this unsanctified pluck in the title of the tale, "Barren Honors." The readers of "Two Years Ago" will remember, moreover, the pathetic interest which attached in that charming novel to the essentially unregenerate manfulness of Tom Turnall. The lesson of his history was that it behooves every man to devote his muscle—we can find no better name for Mr. Kingsley's conception of intelligence—to the service of strict morality. This obligation is the constant theme of Mr. Kingsley's teaching. It is true that, to his perception, the possibilities of human character run in a very narrow channel, and that a man has done his grandest when he has contrived not to shirk his plain duty. Duty, for him, is a five-barred gate in a hunting-field: the cowards dismount and fumble at the unyielding padlock; the "gentlemen" ride steadily to the leap.

It has been hinted how "Hereward" turns out a coward. After a long career of generous hacking and hewing, of the most heroic brutalities and the most knightly courtesies, he find himself face to face with one of the homely trials of private life. He is tired of his wife, who has lost her youth and her beauty in his service, and he is tempted by another woman who has been keeping both for him through all the years of his wanderings. To say, shortly, that he puts away his wife and marries his unworthy temptress would be to do him injustice. This is what he comes to, indeed; but, before judging him, we must learn in Mr. Kingsley's pages how *naturally* he does so. Hereward is an instance of that "demoralization" by defeat of which we have heard so much within the last five years. He is purely and simply a fighting man, and with his enormous fighting capacity he may not unfitly be taken to represent, on a reduced scale, the susceptibilities of a whole modern army. When, at last, his enemies outnumber him, he loses heart and, by a very simple process, becomes good for nothing. This process—the gradual corrosion in idleness of a practical mind of the heroic type—is one which Mr. Kingsley is very well qualified to trace; and although he has troubled himself throughout very little with the psychology of his story, and has told it as much as possible in the simple objective tone of the old chroniclers to whom he so constantly refers, he has yet, thanks to the moralizing habit which he is apparently quite unable entirely to renounce, given us a very pretty insight into poor Hereward's feelings.

It is the absence of the old attempt at philosophy and at the writing of history which makes the chief merit of "Hereward" as compared with the author's other tales. Certain merits Mr. Kingsley has in splendid fulness, but the metaphysical faculty is not one of them; and yet in every one of his writings hitherto there has been a stubborn philosophical pretension. There is a certain faculty of story-telling as complete and, used in no matter what simplicity, as legitimate and honorable as any other; and this gift is Mr.

*"Hereward, the Last of the English. By Charles Kingsley." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866.

Kingsley's. But it has been his constant ambition to yoke it with the procedure of an historian. An important requisite for an historian is to know how to handle ideas, an accomplishment which Mr. Kingsley lacks, as any one may see by turning to his lectures on history, and especially to the inaugural lecture, in which he exhibits his views on the philosophy of history. But in the work before us, as we have said, he has adhered to his chroniclers; and as there is a world of difference between a chronicler and an historian, he has not been tempted to express many opinions. He has told his story with great rapidity and vivacity, and with that happy command of language which makes him one of the few English writers of the present moment from whose style we derive a positive satisfaction. He writes in all seriousness, and yet with a most grateful suppression of that aggressively earnest tone which has hitherto formed his chief point of contact with Mr. Carlyle. He writes, in short, as one who enjoys his work; and this fact it is which will give to "Hereward" a durable and inalienable value. The book is not, in our opinion, what historical novels are so apt to become—a *pastiche*. It represents a vast amount of knowledge, of imagination, and of sympathy. We have never been partial to Mr. Kingsley's arrogance, his shallowness, his sanctified prejudices; but we have never doubted that he is a man of genius. "To be a master," as we were told the other day, "is to be a master." "Hereward" is simply a masterpiece, in the literal sense of the term, and as such it is good to read. This fact was supreme in our minds as we read it, and it seemed more forcibly charged than ever before with the assurance of the author's peculiar genius. What is this genius? It lies, in the first place, as it seems to us, in his being a heaven-commissioned *raconteur*; and, in the second place, in his being a consummate Englishman. Some of them are better Englishmen than others. Mr. Kingsley is one of the best. By as much as he is insufferable when he dogmatizes like a schoolboy upon the characteristics of his nation, by so much is he admirable and delightful when he unconsciously expresses them. No American can see these qualities embodied in a work of art without a thrill of sympathy. "Hereward" is an English story—English in its subject, in its spirit, and in its form. He would be a very poor American who, in reading it, should be insensible to the charm of this fact; and he would be a very poor critic who should show himself unable to distinguish between Mr. Kingsley a master and Mr. Kingsley—not a master.

TUSCAN SCULPTORS.*

THE author of this work is an American, whose name has long been familiar to a small circle as that of a cultivated and liberal lover and follower of the arts. It is to his munificence that Boston owes the finest of her statues—that of Beethoven, by Crawford, which holds a fitting place of honor in her great Music Hall. Mr. Perkins, drawn by natural taste to the study of the fine arts, has turned to advantage the opportunities afforded him by long residence in Italy. Selecting his subject wisely, he has filled an unoccupied space in the literature of art, and has produced a work creditable not only to his industry and patience, but also to his judgment and taste, and useful to every one who desires to inform himself as to the history of Italian sculpture. The work is so honestly wrought, and is marked by such good sense and moderation of statement, as to inspire respect for the author. It is not likely soon to be superseded, and if a compact and cheap edition of it were published, it would be a valuable handbook for intelligent travellers in Italy.

In his introduction, Mr. Perkins gives a sketch of Italian sculpture from the earliest times to the thirteenth century. He begins the treatment of his special subject with the life of Niccolò Pisano, the great master of the early revival of the arts in Italy, and in a series of biographical narratives traces the lives of Tuscan sculptors and the course of the art through the four centuries, from the birth of Niccolò to the death, in 1608, of Gian Bologna. In casting his work in this biographical form, our author follows the example of Vasari, the most entertaining of writers upon art and artists, and secures for his pages the animation and interest of personal records. So far as the general reader is concerned, he has chosen wisely in pursuing this method; but, although the biographical narratives contain some general views concerning the historic development and intellectual relations of Italian sculpture, the student of the history of philosophy and art will find his curiosity rather stimulated than satisfied as to those conditions of civilization upon which the rise, the progress, and the decline of sculpture, in common with its sister arts, in Italy depended. The value and interest of art to mankind consist not so much in the character and circumstances of artists as in

those moral causes which led to the manifestation of genius in this special form. Although it is almost impossible, as Mr. Ruskin has justly remarked in his recent address before the Royal Institute of British Architects, "out of the history of the art of nations to elicit the true conditions relating to its decline, in any demonstrable manner"—and he might have added the true conditions of its rise as well—yet it is only so far as those conditions are investigated and elucidated that the study of art becomes one deserving the attention of serious thinkers interested in the progress of the race. We would not, however, find fault with Mr. Perkins's book for not being other than it is, and within its limits we can give it cordial praise. Occasionally, however, in his investigations into the lives of the artists who are the subjects of his book, we find reason to mark the absence of a justly critical spirit, both as regards the facts of their lives and the worth of their productions. For example, Mr. Perkins accepts, without a hint of suspicion, Vasari's almost incredible account of Niccolò Pisano, from which it would appear that at the age of fourteen or fifteen he was appointed architect to the Emperor Frederic II, and employed by him in the construction of buildings of great importance. Vasari's inaccuracy and fondness for traditions, however improbable, are so well known that great caution ought to be exercised in accepting his statements when unsupported by other evidence; and in this case later investigations have rendered it probable that he was here indulging his fancy in pleasant stories. In ascribing, also, certain special works to Niccolò, we think Mr. Perkins far too closely follows the Florentine biographer, and that a critical discrimination of the character of the works themselves would have led him to distrust the assertions of Vasari. So again, to take a very different instance, Mr. Perkins, in his life of Michel Angelo, cites the report of the great sculptor's conversation by Francesco d'Olanda, as professedly given by Count Raczyński in "Les Arts en Portugal," without a word concerning the very unsatisfactory nature of the evidence for its authenticity. There can, indeed, be little question that Raczyński so remodelled and touched up d'Olanda's report that his relation should be received with great caution, and as the original from which he professes to have copied is said no longer to be found where he asserts that it existed, an unpleasant doubt rests over what would, if authentic, be one of the most delightful and interesting literary discoveries of recent times.

In his appreciation of the works of the Tuscan sculptors, Mr. Perkins is, happily, free from a tendency to exaggerate their merits. His good sense holds him back from the use of the tempting Italian superlative. If he occasionally fails in the recognition of the subtler qualities of genius, in imaginative penetration and sympathetic comprehension, we are bound to remember that we have a right to expect these qualities only from men of the rarest critical powers, and in the absence of them we may well be grateful for such conscientious investigation and such freedom from pretence as distinguish Mr. Perkins's narrative.

The study of such a work opens questions of the highest interest in the history and philosophy of art. It is, indeed, impossible to avoid the fundamental question—What is the value of sculpture to modern civilization? And the answer to which one is compelled is not altogether that which might be anticipated or desired. Here we have the records of four centuries of sculpture, during which the art was practised by men of unquestioned force and originality of genius. Niccolò and Giovanni Pisano, Ghiberti, Donatello, Michel Angelo, illustrate the period. But what have they left? What influence on thought or feeling, on the intellectual or spiritual development of men, have they exerted through their works of sculpture? However highly we may esteem the pulpit of Pisa, the bas-reliefs of Orvieto, the St. George of the Or San Michele, the statues of the Medicean Chapel, or any other works greater than these, if any such there be, we must yet confess that, apart from such pleasure as they may afford to a few cultivated persons, they have no very great worth to mankind. They are precious as personal memorials, as illustrations of historic conditions of art, as expressions of individual genius, some of them as embodiments of refined or noble feeling; but they are not instinct with the life of a race, they are not the expressions of its highest thought, and they have no appreciable effect upon the moral or intellectual development of Italy. Part of this comparative powerlessness not only of Tuscan but of all modern sculpture is due to the very nature of the art itself, part to the conditions under which it has been practised in recent times.

Sculpture as exclusively the art of form is the most purely intellectual of the plastic arts. It is degraded whenever the sculptor subordinates form to sentiment. The sentiment which it properly deals with, and to which alone it gives due expression, is that which lies ideally in form. The superiority of Greek sculpture to all other is based primarily on the distinction between the classic and the modern or romantic spirit. The peculiar char-

* "Tuscan Sculptors: Their Lives, Works, and Times. With Illustrations from Original Drawings and Photographs. By Charles C. Perkins." London: Longman, 1864. Two vols. 4to.

acteristic of the classic spirit is its regard for form, that of the romantic its regard for sentiment in expression. The genius of the Greeks was essentially sculptural, that of the modern world essentially picturesque.

But besides this broad distinction in the nature of the ancient and the modern mind, as exhibited in the arts, the practice of sculpture was conducted upon very different principles in Greece from those which have guided it in modern times. Sculpture has two provinces: one, its highest, as the handmaid of architecture, in which all its powers are given to the production of the noblest effects of building, in which it associates itself in perfecting the grandest and most beautiful ideas of construction, thereby acquiring a dignity and value which without this association are impossible to it; the other, that of producing single figures or detached groups which shall be either the representation of character in ideal forms, or realistic images of natural objects. In this latter field it has a continual and necessary tendency to become an art of mere luxury, an ornamental art, the servant of selfish tastes, vanity, or ambition. The chief monuments of Grecian sculpture belonged to religious architecture. In these sculpture reached its highest point in expressing the most imaginative conceptions of the national religion, in giving to its figures the inspiration of the life of the soul. But in modern times, except in the Gothic cathedrals, sculpture has been divorced from architecture. It has had no large religious inspiration, it has had no aim higher than to minister to personal ambitions or domestic luxury. In Tuscany such cathedrals and churches as were erected during the Middle Ages did not require or seek its aid in any considerable degree. A few bas-reliefs, a few statues placed with little regard to architectural effect, were all that architecture sought from it. Its works were consequently detached, and it was employed mainly in the production of splendid monumental or memorial effigies. Its grandest conceptions are limited to single figures, or to inconsiderable groups. It lost its power of appealing to the deeper, general sentiment of mankind. It was satisfied with the production of graceful or grand figures—the representation of ideal saints and Madonnas. And thus inspired by large designs, and by the emotions of ideal life, and sharing in the general intellectual decline of Italy, it yielded more and more readily to the attempt to express sentiments which were not within its reach, to the imitation of models with which it had no natural sympathies, to the production of false effects, until, losing all sense of truth, it fell, in the hands of the followers of Michel Angelo, from step to step of baseness and vanity, through the tortured marbles of Bernini to the platitudes and prettinesses of Canova and his followers.

To such broad generalizations as the one preceding, many exceptions may perhaps be taken on one ground or another. It is certain that they seem to do injustice to the greatness of a few works which are among the most interesting productions of modern art, and to the aims of some of the greatest of modern artists. But it is not by exceptional instances that prevailing tendencies of intellectual and moral development are to be judged. Illustrations might be brought from every side in support of the views here advanced. We have spoken, for instance, of the modern genius as essentially picturesque in contrast with the sculptural genius of the Greeks. The fact would lead us to anticipate that in the nation in which the modern genius for art has found its fullest development, we should find painting held in higher regard, and far more widely resorted to as a means of expression than sculpture. Such is, indeed, the case. And not only have the chief artistic powers of Italy shown themselves in painting, but the tendency to seek pictorial effect has manifested itself even in sculpture from the beginning, and has been one of the most potent causes of its inferiority and decline. The bas-reliefs of Orvieto are pictorial in design; the bronze gates of Ghiberti show how far sculpture may be pushed in this direction, and how little the true limits of the art were appreciated by those who could regard such works as worthy to be the gates of Paradise. Even the surpassing genius of Michel Angelo, strongly bent as it was towards sculpture, partakes of the same tendency. Imbued as he was with the spirit of ancient sculpture, his chisel could not be satisfied with the production of the effects proper to its art, but sought to unite to them what painting alone was capable of rendering. His statue of Giuliano de' Medici is of the pictorial order; his Deposition from the Cross is the work of a painter in marble. But the provinces of the two arts must for ever remain distinct. It is for sculpture to represent character, and only in so far as passion or sentiment has become a habit of the soul, marked in distinct permanent outward characteristics, can sculpture deal with them and preserve its own absolute power.

In the preface to his book, Mr. Perkins suggests that the reasons why Italian sculpture has, in comparison with Italian painting, found but few admirers or illustrators, lie in the existence of an antique standard of which all modern sculpture falls short, and in the fact that it is much less known

because it can be studied only in Italy. But we think that the more general causes which we have attempted to point out are the true ones for the comparatively low regard in which it has been held. The subject tempts us on; but the limits of our space are already passed, and we must leave for some future occasion the discussion of the position and value of our contemporary sculpture, the relations of the art to existing culture, and its prospects in America.

We trust that the success of Mr. Perkins's work may encourage him to complete it with a similar account of the sculptors of the rest of Italy, of which he holds out the promise in his preface, and to give us a second and revised edition of the present volumes.

BUSHNELL'S VICARIOUS SACRIFICE.*

DR. BUSHNELL is one of the few men of real and conspicuous genius in the American church. And his genius is wholly consecrated to religion; not to religion in the technical sense, not to the building up of the church establishment, the defence of a creed, the authentication of a tradition, or the instituting of a ritual; but to religion in its proper sense as importing the vital relation of man to God, and the terms on which that relation is sustained or forfeited. At this problem no man works more devoutly than he. He brings to the task many rare gifts not often united in the same person, very seldom combining, even in the same person, in one effort for one purpose, and usually, when distributed among different persons, opposing and counteracting each other. To a severe intellect, trained by the sharpest discipline, practised by constant exercise of speculation, analysis, and criticism, he unites the imagination of a poet and the spiritual fervor, almost the mysticism, of the devotee. In the theological arena, on the seer's mountain top, in the closet of prayer, he seems equally at home. His audacious reason goes on, spite of all remonstrances from his friends, pulverizing creeds, one after another, till credence itself seems likely to be reduced to ashes; and, this work done, his reverent imagination gathers up the ashes in a memorial urn, which consecrates them anew, and claims for them a veneration such as they had never received before. He is destroyer and builder both, and he destroys the more ruthlessly because he believes that from the existing materials which lie about he can erect a far more beautiful temple than he has thrown down. No man, even of the rationalists, has subjected the dogmatic formularies of orthodoxy to such terrible criticism as he. And no man claims to be more calmly, clearly, and devoutly orthodox. Every article of his church under its accepted form he has riddled with argument, logic, wit, we may almost say invective. Yet here they are, not only unharmed but glorified. The orthodox theology being in its nature imaginative—calling itself in fact the interpretation of a drama—suggests a highly imaginary treatment; not only allows it, but demands it; and it has always been a surprise to us that those who accepted it in its popular statement should insist on dealing with it in the dully prosaic manner they do. None but poets can appreciate it. None but poets can give an exposition of it worthy of its character. A great poetic mind, gifted with popular eloquence and boldly trusting to its wings, would even now give a value to it which rationalism would find it hard to resist. Dr. Bushnell is a poet, and a very eloquent one; but he cannot accept the orthodox theology under its popular statements; he refines it too much for popular apprehension; and thus, at the same time, fetters his own flight, and so confuses the minds of his audience that they find it difficult to fly at all.

It is criticism we feel to be justified by the work under review. The substance of its theory is rationalistic. The vicarious sacrifice is treated of as "grounded on principles of universal obligation;" it is tried, that is to say, by the tests of the natural conscience and the natural heart. No claims of the reason or the moral sense are postponed in deference to consecrated interpretations. "There is no stranger freak of dulness in all the literary history of the world, and nothing that is going to make a more curious chapter for the ages to come, than the constructions raised on the vicarious forms of Scripture." "How often has the innate sense of justice in men been mocked by the speculated satisfactions of justice or schemes of satisfaction made up for God." "Plainly enough we can mean nothing by a merit that is outside of all our standards of merit." "If we cannot find a Saviour under just our laws of good, we shall find him nowhere." "The supreme art of the devil never invented a greater mischief to be done, or a theft more nearly amounting to the stealing of the cross itself, than the filching away from the followers of Christ the conviction that they are thoroughly to partake the sacrifice of their Master." And so on, without end. "Christ is a mediator only in the sense that, as being in humanity, he is a medium of

* "The Vicarious Sacrifice. By Horace Bushnell." New York: Scribner & Co 1866.

God to us." "Intercession means literally intervention—that is, a coming between; and it is not God that wants to be softened or made better. The stress of the intercession is with us and in our heart's feeling." "Expiation in the sense which belongs to it whenever we speak of expiatory sacrifice, which is to placate a feeling in God, has no character that makes it approvable by intelligence, or endurable by a true sentiment of God's worth and justice." This is precisely what the Unitarians have said, and it goes as far. Indeed, the essential doctrine of this book is Unitarian, and will doubtless be cordially accepted by Unitarian divines. For instance, Dr. Bushnell says: "The bearing of our sins means that Christ bore them on his feeling, became inserted into their bad lot by his sympathy as a friend, yielded up himself, and his life even, to an effort of restoring mercy; in a word, he bore our sins in just the same sense that he bore our sicknesses. Understand that love itself is an essentially vicarious principle, and the solution is no longer difficult." "Given the universality of love, the universality of vicarious sacrifice is given also." "It is not something higher in principle than our human virtue knows." "Take your enemy upon your love," he says; "bear him and his wrong as a mind's burden, undertake for him, study by what means and by what help obtained from God you can get him out of his evils and make a friend of him. Do this, and see if it does not open to you a very great and wonderful discovery—the sublime reality and solidly grand significance of vicarious sacrifice." This is very like rationalism, and it is fortified by a logic, illustrated by a rhetorical beauty, and warmed by a moral fervor which rationalists might envy. Yet Dr. Bushnell is no rationalist. In more than one place he speaks with mild severity of the system which substitutes a beautiful, a gentle, or a loving God for a just God, who has a strong element of wrath in him; for all systems which "dress the soul in what is called beauty of character."

For now, having strained all the accepted meaning out of the current formulas and charged them with the significance of pure naturalism, the seraphic doctor goes manfully to work at reconstruction. All the materials which belonged to the old scheme are used without hesitation. After undergoing a process of shaping and polishing to accommodate the new intention, the old drama is brought on the stage again, somewhat expurgated, and with scenery freshly painted to suit the modern taste. We have the eternal plan, the race of moral natures throwing off the law, breaking loose in a condition of unsubmission, and losing themselves in all sorts of confusion; the loving God suffering agonies of patience through the long ages of preliminary discipline which were necessary before his goodness could work upon the rebels to bring them back, waiting for a better possibility till he could open to them his whole heart's love—"tenderly watching the turning of the ages," "grieving forty years for his people in the wilderness, rising betimes to send his messengers, protesting that he is weary," and experiencing a blessed relief when he came to Mary with his "All hail!" and broke into the world as a God, "come at last to disburthen his heart by sacrifice." We have Christ as the divine love and patience incarnate; we have the ministry of prophets and angels, and all the other accessories of the scheme. The history of the world is made to hinge on the purpose of salvation. Government is supposed to have been instituted to that end. The divine mission of the Hebrew people is recognized as cordially and submissively as ever; the Hebrew dispensation is accepted in its full typical significance; the inspiration of the Scriptures is assumed; the ceremonies, sacraments, and altar forms are reinstated; the disparaged doctrines come to their rights again, the doctrine of eternal perdition among the rest; the shades of venerated beliefs which were hastily departing are summoned back and reclothed in "objective form" as representative figures; and by the close of the volume we see everything looking very much as it did before.

We have considered this work as a work of exposition merely, for that is what it claims to be. As such it is singularly brilliant and ingenious; nay, as such it is singularly luminous, consistent, persuasive. But while one large class of thinkers object to its substance, and another large class of thinkers object to its form, it will probably meet the fate of all attempts, however able, to put new wine into old bottles, and will stand as a most interesting monument of the genius and faith of an individual mind. Of this difficulty he is himself not unconscious. In fact, no man should know better than he how deeply forms of thought become saturated with errors in the course of time, and how hopeless seems the task of cleansing them and restoring them to their proper uses again; but he has faith that, in a case like this, where the forms are so precious and the errors are so palpable, this reclamation may be effected; he urges preachers to attempt it, and persevere till they succeed.

We hope they will attempt it, and that they will succeed, for his theory

involves thoughts of great value. We think he has strained Scripture here and there to bring it into concurrence with his principle; we think he has tried needlessly to preserve certain "altar forms," as he calls them, which might have been permitted to pass away; we think he has burdened his theory with some fanciful conceits which sober people will take as indicating an unhealthy judgment; but he has unfolded some deep, vital, noble ideas which all men will be the better for receiving; and if they will receive them under the ancient forms, so much the better, for then these forms will render a double service: exercise their own peculiar influence, and convert to wiser uses symbols that have been misunderstood.

The Good Gray Poet. A Vindication. (Bunce & Huntington, New York.)—The event which gave rise to this pamphlet bears about the same relation to the manner in which it is treated as the refusal of England to give a king to Greece bears to Ruskin's denunciation of it as "the darkest of all dishonorable and impious captivities of this age." It will probably be news to ninety-nine hundredths of our readers that Mr. Walt Whitman was turned out of office on Mr. Harlan's accession to the Department of the Interior because the Secretary thought that "Leaves of Grass," of which Mr. Whitman is the author, was an indecent book, and therefore opposed to "the principles of Christian civilization" upon which he had determined to govern his department. Mr. W. D. O'Connor asks us to make common cause with him in rousing upon this act "the full tempest of reprobation it deserves." We shall sufficiently indicate his argument by a single quotation:

"I claim that to expel an author from a public office, and subject him to public contumely, solely because he has published a book which no one can declare immoral without declaring all the grand books immoral, is to affix a penalty to thought and to obstruct the freedom of letters."

Of the grievance itself we can dispose in a very few words. Mr. Harlan chose to give his reasons for an act which did not require any reason, since he can dismiss as he employs, at pleasure. Judging Mr. Whitman from his book, he thought him an immoral person. We know that political appointments are not generally governed by the individual purity of candidates, and it may be a question how far private character can be consulted in cases of eminent fitness for public service. If Mr. Harlan thought it not enough that his clerk was a very capable one, but required certain moral qualities in the man with whom he and his subordinates must have dealings, we may esteem him fastidious but hardly reprehensible. Granted the sincerity of the Secretary, his course is not to be compared with that expulsion from office which has no other justification than political differences of opinion.

That Mr. Harlan was mistaken in his estimate of Mr. Whitman is quite possible; and if he ever acknowledged his mistake, reparation would have been only fair. But he is not likely to be convinced by this "vindication," which, of all extravagant and hyperbolic utterances we ever read, seems to us the most so. We have too much respect for its author to condemn his motives or to impeach his mental balance; yet he has not scrupled to do this with those who differ from him in their valuation of "Leaves of Grass." He says:

"Enough for me to pronounce this book grandly good and supremely great. Clamor, on the score of its morality, is nothing but a form of turpitude; denial of its greatness is nothing but an insanity; and the roar of Sodom and the laughter of Bedlam shall not, by a hair's breadth, swerve my verdict."

Surely, there was never such wild and fulsome laudation poured out on any man or any book as in this pamphlet. From its fantastic rhetoric we learn that Mr. Whitman is "greater than Plato"—"he is democracy," and "his conversation is a university." He is also "the proudest man that lives," and "deserves to be considered the grandest gentleman that treads this continent." "To call one like him good seems an impertinence." His seems to Mr. O'Connor "a character which only the heroic pen of Plutarch could record, and which Socrates himself might envy." Particularly is he "kosmos," "the Adamus of the nineteenth century—not an individual, but mankind." Furthermore, he has voted at every election for eighteen years, refused to skulk from the draft under cover of his grey hairs, and served tenderly in soldiers' hospitals during the whole of the war. And if any one wishes to see how these not particularly rare or startling virtues are made the most of, let him read pages 10, 39-44.

We have already quoted Mr. O'Connor's opinion of "Leaves of Grass," but only in part. "Nothing," he avers, "that America had before in literature rose above construction: this is a creation. Idle, and worse than idle, is any attempt to place this author either among or below the poets of the day." And whatever it contains, either plain spoken or indelicate, is compared most elaborately with those parts of the compositions of great authors which, in many instances, to Mr. O'Connor's horror, have been expurgated by later editors and publishers.* The apology is so weak as almost (except for the spirit in which it is made) to surpass the assumed offence. One is apparently asked to believe that the greatness of Homer, Shakespeare, and the rest, is inseparable from what are now esteemed their improprieties; and, indeed, that an author's genius is established if it can only be shown that he has incurred the reproach of broad and immoral writing. Mr. O'Connor would probably agree with Victor Hugo, whom he cites with the enthusiasm of a worshipper, in extolling the monosyllabic response of the French officer at Waterloo when called on to surrender, as may be read in "Les Misérables." But the discreetness of the translator, who leaves the word in the original French, saves the unwitting from disgust and amazement, and the novelist from ridicule or contempt. Mr. O'Connor has by this "vindication" involved himself in another: which is, that of his capacity for intelligent literary criticism.

He has himself written some good things. He has poetic feeling and a lively (a very lively) imagination. But he has grave faults of exaggeration, due, no doubt, to unusual earnestness of conviction, and he has damaged his own reputation as a writer much more than he has helped his friend's. He is a victim of that "Titanic richness and strength of phrase" which he discovered in Mr. Whitman's description of "the immutable granitic pudding-heads of the world."

The Fire-Fiend, and Other Poems. By Charles D. Gardette. (Bunce & Hunt-ington, New York.)—The fact that the poem called "The Fire-Fiend" in Mr. Gardette's volume should have been mistaken by criticism in England or America for the work of Edgar A. Poe, argues less familiarity with the genius of that poet than we believed to exist. It is, of course, easy enough to say, now the harmless fraud is confessed, that we could not for a moment have supposed "The Fire-Fiend" to be Poe's; but, honestly, we find so much in it that Poe was, according to his own theories, utterly incapable of writing, that we are surprised it should ever have been attributed to him. We are still more surprised that it should have received flattering comments from the deluded critics, for, intrinsically considered, it cannot commend itself to praise. It is written in the long, swelling lines of that trochaic measure which Poe loved, and used variously in "The Raven" and "Lenore," and it has something of that weird feeling which is conjured up by the assemblage of ghastly images and the pathetic music of rhymes without distinct relation to ideas. In so far it is like Poe, but Poe (though unpleasant person enough in some things) could not have written a verse so revolting as this:

"And my brow grew cold and dewy, with a death-damp stiff and gluey;"

nor one so paltry as this:

"And I slumbered like an infant in the 'Cradle of the Deep.'"

"Golgotha," a poem conceived in similar spirit, and written in like measure, is far more perfectly expressed, and is more like Poe—because better and more equal—than "The Fire-Fiend."

Following this are certain lyrics called "War-Echoes," and then the rest of the book is made up of short poems written on different themes and called "Vagaries."

The latter include what is best in the book, and are easy and graceful. Perhaps we shall best convey an idea of their quality by quoting one which pleases us most:

U M B R A :

A HALF-SUNG SONG.

I am singing in the sunshine:
You are singing in the shade:
Wherefore sigh when I am singing?
"Shadow is of sunshine made."

Cynic! Answer! What are shadows,
But the fleeting ghosts of Light?
Night is cradle of the Morning:
"Rather Morn the tomb of Night."

Nay, then, I will change my measure:
Faith is night, and Hope is morn:
Noon is love: behold the zenith!—
"Child! I was not eagle-born."

No! but born of woman, surely.
What am I? O! look, and find,
In my eyes, Love's noontide blazing!—
"Haply! Love has long been blind."

Cruel, cruel! Say, blasphemer,
By what altar do you pray
That is never sun-illumined?—
"Peace! By that of Yesterday!"

It is saying a great deal in Mr. Gardette's favor to say that, except in the two poems confessedly imitative of Poe, his manner is quite his own. The stream of his poetic feeling is rather thin and a little cold, but it has its spring in his own life, and not in the books he has been reading.

Thomas à Becket, a Tragedy; and other Poems. By G. H. Hollister. (Boston: Wm. V. Spencer. 1866.)—A play involving the career of Thomas à Becket from the time of his elevation to the primacy of England by Henry II. to the time of his assassination by the King's agents, must needs abound in dramatic incident, and Mr. Hollister has fully availed himself of the strength of his subject. His tragedy is one which reads well: events succeed each other rapidly; people forbear to make long speeches; we have no doubt that it is a good acting play; and if we cannot give it the highest praise, a certain applause is due to it in an age when tolerably good plays are the exception. It is now and then marred by excesses of metaphor, and one does not well see how fair Rosamond's fate can be justly linked to the fierce primate's, nor, indeed, what she has to do in the tragedy, except to be used in making deeper the King's remorse and abasement. One of the best scenes is that in which she meets Henry after her discovery that he has another wife, and reproaches him with his treachery. The character of Becket is drawn with boldness and force, and there is fine movement in those scenes where he confronts and abashes the King, who had thought to make him the minister of his frauds upon the church. The King and Queen Eleanor have also a proper life, but the remaining characters are of rather vague individuality.

Mr. Hollister's other poems are a kind of idyl called "The Phantom Ship," and some lyrics and sonnets. "The Phantom Ship" came to a New England village, in the old time, in the place of the ship that sailed away long before with Esther Vane's lover. It is a pathetic story, prettily told in as nearly the manner of Tennyson's idyls as imitation could make it. The tragedy is a better poem than the idyl in respect of original treatment. Any man of fair poetic culture could have written "The Phantom Ship," if he had known the story. In the play there is something authentically Mr.

Hollister's. If the latter is the later work, there is hope for the author, which we could hardly feel if the idyl were the more recent of the two poems.

The Young Man's Friend. Containing Admonitions for the Erring, Counsel for the Tempted, Encouragement for the Desponding, and Hope for the Fallen. By Daniel C. Eddy, D.D. (Graves & Young, Boston.)—This series of lectures or sermons bears the name of an earlier series by the same author, which had a remarkable sale, and, we hope, effected a proportionate good for those to whom it was addressed. The present volume is marked by earnestness, directness, and force in its appeals and exhortations, but displays no special aptitude for reaching the minds of youth. There is in its advice to young men a perhaps inevitable sectarianism—a degree of narrowness and pre-judgment, not to say prejudice—without which Dr. Eddy might have been less faithful to his evangelical training, but not less the friend of his audience. It is a very restricted view, for example, of the power of truth in a free discussion, or of the value which scepticism has for the ideas which it assails, to pretend that it were "better if Renan had been incapable of producing his 'View [Life] of Jesus.'" Such a remark reflects so immediately upon the Divine wisdom for furnishing M. Renan with his rare intellect, that we should hardly have expected it from so reverential a person as Dr. Eddy, who, besides, cannot be blind to the great services rendered to enlightened Christian belief by a book which has caused believers everywhere to examine their claims to that title. There are also occasionally what we may venture to call tricks of the pulpit, such as appear throughout the chapter on "Investments;" and it sounds very like a joke when, in a serious and for the most part discriminating talk on reading, the lecturer suddenly asks his hearers if they can read their title clear to man-sions in the skies!

The Friend. Vol. I., No. 1. (New York, 48 Beekman Street.)—There have been numerous prize essays on the causes of the decline of Quakerism, but the moderate-sized periodical before us is almost the first step we have witnessed to check that decline. The Friends' journals heretofore brought to our notice maintain a dull existence by publishing ever-to-be-continued extracts from Clarkson's "Portraiture of Quakerism" or Woolman's "Diary," with such husks, by way of selections, as the latest excavation at Pompeii or the commonplaces of natural history. Of quite another order is *The Friend*, which fears that the torpor of the society will presently end in the sleep that knows no waking, and is determined to prevent such a catastrophe if possible. Its first number attacks the conservative restraints of the society on free thought and publication, and exposes the unreasonableness of Quaker peculiarities of speech. There is an appreciative article on Whittier, "The Poet of Friends," though the theory which accounts for his appearance ought, if correct, to have more than this solitary illustration to support it. The politics of *The Friend*, for it has politics, are based on the brotherhood of the race as taught by the great Friend of all the human kind. The monthly is a quarto of twelve pages, to be enlarged, we understand, one-third. With a few exceptions its typography is excellent.

"Progress" is the title of a weekly journal published in this city, and devoted to contemporaneous history and literature. It is not of so recent origin, we believe, as it is new in our eyes, and we are informed that it is so far obedient to its name as to have taken an enlarged shape and called to its editorial chair one whom we know to be a very learned student of history, present and past. We recognize his criticisms in the numbers before us, and they are a marvel of conscientious, minute painstaking. When, as in the case of Mr. John S. C. Abbott, they occupy three pages, without being concluded at that, it is very certain that the authors criticized will not complain of a lack of attention. The paper, to judge from its advertisements, has a special circulation among our Hebrew population, but the scholarship of its editor is not confined to any nationality. The several tables of contents confirm this statement. We have the Polish Insurrection of 1863-4; James Buchanan and the Anti-Lecomptonites; Grant and his Subordinates; Hungary; Vámbéry on the Jews of Asia; Inauguration of Leopold II.; German Arctic Expedition; England's International Shortcomings; Mexico, etc., etc. The selections are very judicious and readable.

Roanoke; or, Where is Utopia? By C. H. Wiley. (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.)—We are unable to decide from anything in this novel whether it is now published for the first time or is here re-issued from some former edition. We believe, however, that it is not so well known as the author's other novel, "Alamance," and, making use of a somewhat remote perusal of that work for the contrast, we think it is not so good. Like "Alamance," this is a story of life in North Carolina, and it abounds, like "Alamance," in a certain kind of wild and fantastic incident, which seems the peculiar invention of its author. It is probable that some of the characters of the book are drawn with sufficient fidelity to the place and period, but the author's touch is not strong nor sustained, and his characters generally do not work to bring about the end he has in view. In spite of great defects the novel has a charm of its own, consisting partly in the picturesqueness of its scenes, partly in the simplicity of the author's narrative style, partly in a magic like Hawthorne's (but very rough, indeed, as compared with that master's) of casting a weird unreality upon matter-of-fact events and persons. From the first excellence of romance there are narrow escapes in the book; but, on the whole, "Roanoke" must fall into the second class of novels, and be blamed for occasional lapses even below mediocrity.

Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates. A Story of Life in Holland. By M. E. Dodge. (James O'Kane, New York.)—Though a little late for the holidays, this boys' and girls' book is appropriate to the season and yet quite independent of it. To be sure the plot is woven about a skating match, and there is a grand tour on skates undertaken by a band of clever Dutch young-

sters. But this is really incidental to most agreeable descriptions of Amsterdam, Haarlem, and Leyden, and the Hague; to scraps of Dutch history; to pictures of the general scenery, position, popular life, and manners of Holland; and to the instructive development of character in the hero and heroine: just as good reading, every bit, for midsummer as for midwinter. The authoress has shown in her former works for the young a very rare ability to meet their wants, but she has produced nothing better than this charming tale, alive with incident and action, adorned rather than freighted with useful facts, and moral without moralization.

Record of the Federal Dead buried from Libby, Belle Isle, Danville, and Camp Lawton Prisons, and at City Point, and in the Field before Petersburg and Richmond. Published by the U. S. Christian Commission from Reports of its Agents. (James B. Rodgers, Philadelphia.)—The humane endeavor of which this volume is the product fails of its highest achievement because of the fact that there is no alphabetical index of names by which the relatives of the fallen, often in utter ignorance of the place where they lie buried, may be guided thither at once. Even under the several heads of prisons and cemeteries there is no attempt at an alphabetical arrangement, nor does the surname precede the Christian name or initial letters. These very serious defects might be easily remedied, and, we trust, will be, in another edition or supplement.

Ballads and Translations. By Constantina E. Brooks. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866.)—The larger part of Miss Brooks's ballads are on legendary and imaginative themes, and the rest are historical. All are marked with genuine poetic feeling, which, if not rising at any time into great poetic art, never suffers her to make despicable failure. There is evidence in the volume of an unusual culture, and the translations from the Greek poets are very graceful and spirited, while those from the Scandinavian have a more positive value as contributions to literary knowledge. We like best, among the historical ballads, "Lutzen."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE CROCK OF GOLD.—THE TWINS AND HEART. By Martin Farquhar Tupper. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

SECESSION AND SLAVERY. The Constitutional Duty of Congress to give the Elective Franchise and Freedom to All Loyal Persons, in Response to the Act of Secession. By Joel Prentiss Bishop. A. Williams & Co., Boston.

LESSONS IN ELOCUTION. With Numerous Selections, Analyzed for Practice. By Allen A. Griffith. Adams, Blackmer & Lyon, Chicago.

REBEL INVASION OF MISSOURI AND KANSAS, AND THE CAMPAIGN OF THE ARMY OF THE BORDER AGAINST GEN. STERLING PRICE, OCT. AND NOV., 1864. By Richard J. Hinton. Church & Goodman, Chicago; F. W. Marshall, Leavenworth.

A ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Sur une Gravure Stances. Par J.-H. Serment. Ch. Meynuel; E. Deniu, Paris. (F. W. Christen, New York.)

THE PILGRIM'S WALLET. Scraps of Travel Gathered in England, France, and Germany. By Gilbert Haydon Proctor. By Edna Dean Proctor. SHAKESPEARE'S MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHS. Hurd & Houghton, New York; E. P. Dutton & Co., Boston.

POEMS. By Mrs. Anna Marie Spaulding.—*THE UNIVERSAL PATHFINDER AND BUSINESS MAN'S POCKET COMPANION.* By M. N. Olmsted. James Miller, New York.

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. By C. J. Vaughan, D.D. Alexander Strahan, London and New York.

Science.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

ALL chemists are now well agreed that the old phlogistic theory of the last century was of great service to science in that it formed the nucleus around which the facts of chemistry first crystallized into regular, systematic shape. In a note in the Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Dr. A. C. Brown goes much further than this. Starting with Whewell's idea, that in this theory, which during more than a century was recognized as the foundation of chemical science, we might reasonably suppose that there should exist some germs of important truth, he maintains that the theory itself, as stated by its founders, Becher and Stahl, if not strictly true, is at least a very close approximation to what we now recognize as truth. According to Stahl, all combustibles contain one and the same substance in different proportions, according to the degree of their combustibility. That substance is phlogiston; and when a combustible is burnt, or a metal calcined, its phlogiston is given out. When charcoal or oil is heated with a metallic calx, the phlogiston leaves the former and passes into the metallic regulus. Now, if we disembarrass ourselves of some habitual conceptions, we shall admit that a combustible loses something when it is burnt; it loses combustibility, or the capacity of burning. In the same way, in the preparation of phosphorus, or the reduction of a metallic calx to a metal, the charcoal loses this capacity, while the phosphorus or the metal acquires it. This capacity of burning is essentially the power of emitting a certain quantity of heat, and as we know from the researches of Rumford, Davy, and others, and from the later and more exact determinations of Joule, that heat is a peculiar form of motion, a manifestation of what has been called kinetic energy, we can have no difficulty in admitting that the power of emitting a certain quantity of heat is a particular form of potential energy. If, in the

statement of the phlogistic theory, we read potential energy for phlogiston, and understand that when phlogiston is lost by one body and not immediately acquired by another, as in combustion, this potential energy is converted into kinetic energy, we have a tolerably complete account of what we now know of the matter. Whether we choose, with Becher and Stahl, to call phlogiston a substance or not, depends on our definition of the term substance. If we restrict that name to ponderable matter, of course it is not a substance; but when we consider that energy is as indestructible as matter, that we can trace it through its various combinations and double decompositions, and that we are in a fair way to discover not indeed its atomic weight, for it has none, but its chemical equivalent, we shall recognize the fact that these two conceptions of phlogiston on the one hand, and of a chemical element on the other, are much more nearly allied than they have generally been thought to be. It may be objected to the phlogistic theory, as thus explained, that it is not the combustible alone, but the combustible and oxygen, that have potential energy, and that it is only when the two unite that this potential energy is transformed into kinetic. This objection is equally valid against the statement that a clock, when wound up, contains potential energy. It is not the clock, but the clock and the earth, which contain this energy, which is brought into play only when the clock-weight and the earth approach each other. In fact, energy is not conceivable without a system of at least two bodies. In their ignorance of the existence of oxygen, the phlogistic chemists attempted to explain, by means of their favorite theory, facts such as the increase of the weight of a combustible when burnt, which were really the effects of the play of those forces which we now know to reside in that centre of forces called oxygen. They were thus led to modify the original theory and to ascribe to phlogiston negative weight, and to identify it sometimes with carbon and sometimes with hydrogen gas. These mutilations of the original theory soon led to its complete overthrow, and we have only to regret that the anti-phlogistic chemists destroyed the wheat quite as effectually as they did the tares, so that we are only now again beginning to see, what was perfectly obvious to such a man as Stahl, that oxide of iron does not contain metallic iron; that no compound contains the substances from which it is produced; but that it contains them minus something—minus the potential energy which they before possessed and have lost in effecting the combination. We now know what this something is, and can give it the more appropriate name of potential energy; but there can be no doubt that this energy is what the chemists of the eighteenth century meant when they spoke of phlogiston.

—Reproduction without impregnation has been long known to exist in many of the lowest animals, especially polyps, jelly-fishes, star-fish, and also in some of the parasitic animals, as the tape-worms. In all of these the new generation is unlike that immediately preceding it; in some cases it is the result of budding, and in others of the spontaneous division of the body. One or more generations may be produced in one or the other of these ways, but the perfect form at last returns. Among insects the "plant lice," or aphides, for more than a century furnished the only known instance of reproduction without impregnation. In this case the perfect insect lays impregnated eggs; these hatch and give birth only to imperfect females, which are wingless; these in turn, without impregnation, form eggs; the young are developed, hatch within the body of the parent, are born alive, and are imperfect females. This process goes on for nine or ten generations when at last perfect males and females are born, lay eggs, and the round above described is repeated. A few years ago, Siebold brought forward evidence to prove that while the eggs producing queen and worker bees require impregnation, those producing males or drones do not; and it has been further shown that among some of the moths, as in those of the silk-worms, their eggs, though not impregnated, may give rise for one or two generations to fertile males and females. The observations lately made on more than one species of insects by Wagner, Pagenstecker, and Genine have demonstrated the existence of a much more remarkable and unexpected kind of reproduction, which has greatly surprised naturalists. This is found in some of the flies allied to the "Hessian" or "wheat fly," an insect but too well known to agriculturists both in this country and in Europe. The extraordinary circumstance is this: that it is not the adult, as in the case of the bee or the silk-worm moth, or the almost perfect insect, as in the aphid, that reproduces, but the embryo, in the shape of the maggot or larva. Both Wagner and Pagenstecker were able to detect eggs in these larvæ, in all stages of formation and development, but failed to detect the ovary from which they came. This ovary Genine afterwards succeeded in finding. It appears that the perfect insect lays about five impregnated eggs of large size; the embryo is developed in these, is hatched, and then, without undergoing any metamorphosis, and without being impregnated, begins to form eggs, sometimes as many as

fifteen, more than half of which, however, do not mature. In those that mature, the young develop just as in impregnated eggs, changing their skins, however, once before hatching. After leaving the eggs, but still remaining within the body of the parent larva, they subsist on her fluids, she becoming largely distended as they increase in size. After a while she ceases to eat, undergoes an imperfect moulting, in which the old skin, though detached, is not shed, and then enters into a state analogous to that of a chrysalis. Now comes the most remarkable and novel circumstance of all. The larvæ having thus far lived at the expense of her fluids, begin to devour the solid parts, and one organ after another is eaten, until at last the whole substance of the parent, excepting only her skin, is converted into that of her parent-devouring progeny. This process has been observed through a second generation. Thus we have two remarkable and hitherto unobserved phenomena, viz.: First, the larva of an insect capable of producing other larvæ; and, secondly, these developed in her body, and at last consuming it for food.

Fine Arts.

FRENCH AND BELGIAN SCHOOLS OF ART.

IN speaking of French painting, it is important to bear continually in mind how different are its circumstances from those which surround the infant art of America. It is an immense industrial interest, and other industrial interests yet greater depend upon it. Thousands of men and women live in France and Belgium by the direct practice of fine art, as only a few score live in America; and the whole population, at least of the cities and towns, are brought face to face with the fine arts, and have them for a part of their daily life. Almost every family has one or more members connected with art. Every young man, if not himself an artist, has a friend or two who are artists. Everybody is brought into constant contact with artists, and hears continual talk about art. The Government showers honors on artists thought successful, as on its soldiers. Each annual exhibition adds new names to the roll of the Legion of Honor, and raises this painter or that sculptor of old renown from the simple rank of chevalier to the *grade d'officier*. There are medals of first, second, and third classes; there are grand medals of honor on special occasions; there is now a new prize, to be given every five years, the *grand prix de l'Empereur*, a simple gift of a hundred thousand francs. These prizes are contended for by a host. The Paris Salon of 1865 contained more than two thousand eight hundred pictures and drawings, and three hundred works of sculpture. It will be seen that the jury of admission and the committee of reward have tasks of magnitude. The French critics, moreover, have work before them when each exhibition opens.

It is important to remember that these critics, as a body, do their work well—with tact, cleverness, and literary skill as yet unequalled in other lands. Among them are a few very able critics, equipped with natural delicacy of perception, with accurate if bounded knowledge of the arts of the past, and with judgment too purely intellectual, perhaps, and too intellectually trained, but seeing clearly as far as it sees. Those of them who are the wisest and keenest-sighted are not content with French painting as it is. Those Frenchmen who can think wisely and see keenly are very sad because of the growing and still growing estrangement of their countrymen from ennobling pursuits and worthy enjoyments. The Imperial Government energetically and successfully pursues its object of making the people careless except for military glory, and uninterested except in daily amusement. "A despairing abandonment of personal liberty and freedom of opinion; a popular literature of heathen depravity; a loss of moral objects of interest, while military glory and material aggrandizement are worshipped in their place,"* are some of the results of the Empire. What the people want for themselves is amusement, and, above all, display. What they want for France is physical power, and, above all, the power of armies.

It is not to France that we need look just now for art which is wholly great or satisfactory. We have before seen reason to believe that the French painting of our time has two grave faults: it is not, as a school, noble in color, and it is not, as a school, wise in its choice of subjects. Grey shadows and subdued tones harmonize well with *genre* painting, which has become principal, no longer secondary and accidental; and both are tending to make of the art of painting a mechanical art which photography will soon excel.

We may insert here a few words by one of the cleverest of the French critics of whom we have spoken—a far wiser and juster judge of art than

some whose names are much better known. Eight long articles M. Charles Clément had devoted to the pictures in the last salon, and the ninth article begins with the words that follow:

"We frankly confess that it is with real pleasure that we quit the pictures to study the works of sculpture exhibited in the garden of the Palace of Industry. All those little landscapes and *genre* pictures, however ingeniously composed and skilfully executed they may be, get to be very tiresome (*finissent par fatiguer beaucoup*), and I fear that on this point my readers will only too readily agree with me. Here [*i. e.*, among the sculpture] we find ourselves before works which are less witty, less amusing, I admit, but more important, more masculine, more serious, more matured. . . . We see this beautiful art resist, much more successfully than painting, the temptations and influences of fashion. It does not, indeed, escape completely. The *genre* spirit has invaded this art also; but it does not control it, and on the whole our school of sculpture maintains itself at a very respectable level."

There is in France, to-day, no very decided or visible improvement on the state of things which the most eminent of French art critics, M. Gustave Planche, truly characterized ten years ago. He thought then that there was no rivalry in merit except among a few *esprits d'élite*; that "the greater number of the artists see, in the annual exhibitions, only a market for the products of their industry; mercantile activity has replaced emulation. The greater number hasten to produce, and pity the ingenious minds who dream of glory; the desire to do good work fades from day to day, the studios are transformed into factories, and, if this fever of gain continues, it will soon be impossible to distinguish art from industry." And note what M. Planche thinks to be the reason for this: "The painters use nine months of the year *working for amateurs*, and, when the salon draws near, then they hasten to compose a work somewhat serious in character; but it is in vain that they redouble their zeal, rise with the lark, and wield the brush till the sun sets; time fails them to meditate—to conceive—to finish." And what he thinks of the effect on the painters of this working for the amateurs the next sentence tells us: "Amateurs, who too often encourage the vices of their [the painters'] talent, instead of aiding them to free themselves from them."

The amateurs come from a class of people the nearest to the Imperial court, the most immediately under its influence, and more than any other class deprived of worthy objects of interest and ennobling pursuits. To the members of this class extravagant display is the one enjoyment left, the Imperial family and the court setting the example of lavish expense in this pursuit to the best of their large ability. The purchase of pictures by popular artists is a sort of display very agreeable to the taste of some men who, under happier circumstances, might really have loved art, and to many others who care only for the society (always agreeable) of artists and for the reputation of having good taste. "Every one says you're such an excellent judge of paintings." "I a judge of paintings?" "Oh yes, sir! did n't you buy the great Correggio for ten thousand pounds?" "So, ten thousand pounds make me a judge of paintings?" It is not every picture-buyer who sees, with Bulwer's Alfred Evelyn, how poor is the foundation of his reputation for knowledge of art.

In the hands of the large majority of living French and Belgian painters the art is not of such character as to command respect. M. Clément is right in his unspoken assertion that, on the whole, the French school of painting fails to maintain itself at a very respectable level. If we say over again what we have often said of the technical skill of the French and Belgian painters, if we recognize and admire a skill in drawing and manipulation which seems almost national, so common is it and so superior to what other nations have, we find nothing in that which can satisfy one who knows what art has been, feels what it might be, and longs for the time when it will be what he dreams. What, to a lover of art, is M. Charles Baignet's "Attentive Lady's Maid," noticed before, or M. Coomans' "Rendezvous," No. 22a (new catalogue), or M. Schlesinger's "Spanish Girls" and "Ladies in Balconies," or even such works of patience and skill as M. Meissonier sends us, none more remarkable than the "Soldiers in Guard-Room," No. 102, of the French Exhibition? There is no pleasure to the lover of art in these works, or only a moment's pleasure, to be succeeded by sadness and pain. Art is thought or feeling expressed—in the case of painting—in form and color. But the approved modern *genre* picture must have the least possible modicum of feeling and no thought, its message, of little meaning, to be conveyed in elaborate and careful drawing and delicately finished painting.

We say again—in the hope, perhaps vain, of avoiding the misunderstanding to which articles in periodicals are especially liable—that there is French painting which we greatly respect, and something in French painting, as a whole, which we greatly respect. But it must be evident, we repeat, to any one who knows what art can be and has been, that in French art of the present day there is much that is discouraging, much that is of ev tendency

* Goldwin Smith—"On the Study of History."

much that is of fatal influence. The evil at least has been great enough to bring about a counteracting tendency toward reality, at least.

It is in reaction against the school of fashion, of frivolity, and of vice that that strange Flemish army has taken the field of which Baron Wappers was, perhaps, the first soldier, and which Baron Henry Leys has long and gallantly led. In its inception this enterprise seems to have been a national one. The founders of it seem to have regretted the influence of the French school over the art of Belgium, not only because it was a bad influence but because it was a foreign influence. To them Belgium is only temporarily and accidentally French, essentially and historically Teutonic. Proud of an historic past of unsurpassed interest, they wished to draw inspiration from this and from no foreign source. Proud of a school of Christian art for which France had no rival or equivalent, they wished to study its remains, and to follow Jan Van Eyck, Hans Memling, and Quentin Matsys, rather than the other and inferior masters whom the French school has set up for itself.

The school, though few in numbers, has been signally successful. There has been a power in it that has made itself felt throughout Europe, in spite of the almost universal opposition of critics and the outcries of easy-going artists disturbed in their quiet. The "emulation" which M. Gustave Planche looked for too often in vain, the Belgian reformers have perhaps a surplus of. They are very much in earnest, and always mean something. But, good as these traits are, and noteworthy as they are now-a-days, they do not make good art; in good times of art they would not be noteworthy, but things of course. It is difficult to say how much of the celebrity, influence, and importance of the school is due to the great abilities of Leys; but that much of it is so due, there can be no question. The reputation of it abroad is surely in a large measure due to him. Read, in partial proof of this, the words of M. Ernest Chesneau, no friend of Leys and his school, no friend of the novel and the free in art, a critic of the old school, if there ever was one, a seer of the surface of things and reputation rather than of the essence of things and of character:—"the archaic resurrections of a painter of Antwerp, M. Leys, whose ability and sincerity, however, no one will be tempted to despise. . . . The æsthetic doctrines of M. Leys are very questionable (*sont fort contestables*), I repeat, but are still very excusable. His attempt is very serious; it has in the Belgian school many imitators, convinced that they too are working to restore the national art. But by what bond does M. Tissot, born at Nantes, hope to attach himself to a movement of the school of Antwerp; what cause does he serve in wasting his talent in Gothic fancies having no roots in the past of French tradition? And yet M. Tissot is not without taste or knowledge," and so on. Belgium is more of an independent nation through the work of her great painter and his followers, than in literature, politics, or such military enterprises as the renewed fortification of her often fortified old cities.

Leys is a colorist, one of the first colorists of his time. Even his slightest work, such sketches as the three in the Tenth Street gallery, "The Reception," "The Arrival," "Preparing for the Banquet," Nos. 94, 95, and 96,—even in such slight work as this, with local color hardly suggested, and intended, as report says and appearances confirm, as cartoons or studies for permanent work elsewhere—even in such incomplete work his rare power is indicated. The very precious picture which was in Mr. Knoedler's gallery a year ago, "The Minstrel," is the only important work of his which we know to have been brought to America. But even this gives but a partial idea of the surpassing merit and charm of color of the larger pictures representing important scenes in the history of the Netherlands.

Leys is a great poetical master of expression. His insight into character is matched by his dramatic power of relation. He is a dramatic poet in color very much as Robert Browning is a dramatic poet in words; a certain resemblance seeming, indeed, traceable between these gifted, accomplished, and intensely individual artists. He is also as learned as Browning, or seems to be. His knowledge of his chosen epoch is profound and accurate, and he feels with his countrymen of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries as Browning with the Italians of the Middle Ages.

Leys is a "realist" of the truest type, one whose power it is to conceive of every scene as it might have happened and probably did happen; to imagine every man's face and figure as it might have been and probably was; to show armor and costume that could be worn, and clad in which the man could stand and move; to ascribe to his characters gesture and action which is not impossible nor borrowed from the stage. We have had occasion to speak before of his pupil Tissot's naturalness of conception, but we found reason to believe M. Tissot's work rather reasoned out than felt. It is not so with Leys. There is a profound and active imagination in him which takes care that things be living and true.

We have described a great historical painter, and such we think this artist to be. The powerful and, on the whole, happy influence which he has exercised over his numerous pupils, and the real excellence displayed in the works of some of these seem to give promise of good art in Belgium to come as well as past. And there are others who have not been his pupils who yet are working in such concert with them as to help rather than hinder. Pictures painted in pursuance of the *doctrines æsthétiques*, which M. Chesneau thinks *fort contestables*, supply much of the strength of the Tenth Street collection, of which the principal claim upon our gratitude is just the presence of the valuable works of MM. Alma-Tadema, Koller, Lagye, and De Brackeleer, painters whose works have been almost unknown in America before.

Is, then, the charge of archaism and fanciful reproduction of the past a charge of no weight? "Résurrections archaïques" is M. Chesneau's phrase for M. Leys' work in general. Probably this charge—if serious charge it is—would not be urged against historical pictures representing scenes in bygone times. Probably even M. Chesneau would allow the figures in such a picture as, for instance, "The Massacre of the Magistrates of Louvain, 1379," to be clothed in costume of the fourteenth century, and the weapons used to be of a somewhat antiquated type. The charge can be seriously made against such pictures only as seem to show deliberate choice of "archaism." For instance, in the three studies at the Studio Building, said to be for decorative paintings in a private dining-hall in Antwerp, probably for the painter's wealthy friend and early patron, M. Couteau—why are these medieval? "The Arrival" shows a gentleman and lady at the entrance-door, awaiting admission; with them is a half-grown boy who has in his left hand a long link or torch which he has just extinguished, and under the other arm he carries his master's sheathed rapier and belt; all the persons are in costume of the fifteenth century. In "The Reception" the guests are entering the room where is the host, who welcomes them. In "Preparing for the Banquet" a table is shown, covered with hanaps, cups, and other table furniture, among which is the ornament of the feast, the mighty peacock with body of pastry and his own neck and head and full suit of plumage; the surroundings, the screen and tapestry and table-cover, are full of interest. There are two figures only. In all three pictures the figures are evidently portraits. Why, then, is everything about them medieval?

In the first place, because it was necessary that everything should be beautiful. Decoration was the purpose in view. Would it serve any decorative purpose, the painting of a modern dinner-table, though laid out never so splendidly? The only object which can find a place there, which has any chance to be beautiful, is a dish of fruit; and these the skill of a professed waiter easily makes hideous. But the necessary vessels on a fifteenth-century table were many of them splendid in color and imagery, all of them pleasing in form, all interesting because all differently designed, each by itself. So with costume; the housekeeper who stands at the head of the table, pausing a moment with knuckles on the board before whisking away about her duties of hospitality (perhaps too conscious, as well, that her portrait is being painted), would not have been an especially pleasing object in the costume of 1865. A handsomer woman than she would have been made hideous if her dress were faithfully rendered in full color. We have actually no costume. Now and then a lady combines two colors prettily, or (less often) achieves a graceful outline for her whole draped figure, but it is only as a gentleman sometimes wears a prettily colored scarf. Costume! We have even forgotten its nature and purpose, and hardly ever realize our deprivation. Even the dress of women is in almost every respect æsthetically wrong, and, which is the worst, is season by season growing worse. Mr. William Burges, the architect and excellent ornamental designer and sagacious critic, shows that the want of costume is one of the three great impediments to any progress in ornamental design in England, and quotes with approbation from Mr. Beresford Hope a sentence we have not elsewhere seen: "The ladies' costume has very greatly deteriorated within the last dozen years, and if we search into the reason for this falling off, I am afraid we must refer it to no less a person than the Empress of the French." And, continues Mr. Burges, "when she attained her present high position there was a glorious opportunity open to her; and had she possessed a really artistic taste she would gradually have given the ladies a costume that sculptors would have delighted to carve and painters to paint." He thinks, and we think with him, that it is rather hard for the painters and sculptors now to find anything to delight in.

But, in the second place, M. Leys purposely puts his thought into the past rather than into the present, because the past of Antwerp and the country around her is glorious, the present a little tame. The independence of Belgium is guaranteed by the Great Powers. There is no national life

within the circle of that guaranty; and the student's thoughts go back to the times when there was, and to the

"pageants splendid, that adorned those days of old;
Stately dames like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold;
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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NATION OFFICE, Saturday Evening, }
 January 20, 1866. }

THE week which ends to-day has been quieter than the preceding week. Gold has not fluctuated actively. It has been as low as 137½, and as high as 139½, closing to-day at 139. A large short interest in gold remains uncovered, and in certain circles the idea prevails that the premium must soon decline to 130 if not to 125. Operators attach considerable importance to the clause of Mr. Morrill's financial bill which permits the Secretary of the Treasury to negotiate sterling bonds with interest payable in Amsterdam or London. It is assumed, on fair evidence, that if the credit of U. S. securities remains unimpaired in Europe, it would be possible to dispose of at least \$2,000,000 a week of new bonds in Holland and Germany, which, with the customs revenue, would give to the Treasury Department an income of not less than three-quarters of a million per day in gold. Such resources would enable the Secretary to flood the gold market from time to time, in the event of new speculations for the rise, and so to assist the speculation for the fall as materially to diminish the interval which now divides specie and legal tender paper. Two objections have been raised to the "foreign bond" clause of Morrill's bill. The first is that it is derogatory to the dignity of the United States to seek financial aid in foreign countries; the second is that the United States cannot afford to export the gold which would be required to meet the interest accruing on United States bonds held abroad. Both objections may be equally met by the simple statement of fact that, whether Government negotiates the bonds abroad or at home, they are sure to go abroad in large quantities. If Mr. McCulloch does not send them out, Mr. Von Hoffman, Mr. Belmont, and Mr. Marcuse will. In the old dark days of the war, when the life of the Republic was trembling in the balance, and no man could tell whether we should emerge from the war triumphant or broken and bankrupt, Mr. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, in appealing for aid to the bankers of New York, mentioned that he had been offered money by Dutch bankers on the condition that he should make his bonds payable, interest and principal, at Amsterdam, and added, in a voice broken by emotion, that "in this dark hour of his country's sorrow, he would never, never go to the foreigner to beg for money; he would rather resign his office to-morrow." Circumstances are altered now. Our national credit now stands upon such a basis that no humiliation would be involved in the negotiation of a foreign loan. Foreigners already hold more than half the whole amount of 5-20 bonds in existence. We do not consider that the possession of these bonds by our German friends involves any humiliation to us, nor do sound reasoners anticipate future mischief from the semi-annual transmission of interest due on them to the other side. All other things being equal, it would be more convenient and more dignified for the United States to make their bonds payable, principal and interest, at a point within their own jurisdiction. But if a 5 per cent. bond—payable, principal and interest, at Amsterdam—can be sold in Europe on the same or nearly the same terms as a 6 per cent. bond payable here, there seems to be no good reason why Government should not let our foreign friends have a couple of hundred millions of such 5 per cent. bonds in the shape they want them.

Money has become easier during the week. Loans at 4 per cent. have been made on Governments, and at 5 per cent. on miscellaneous collaterals; on Friday and to-day it was difficult to place money at 5 per cent. Business paper, with the exception of strictly first-class, is not much in demand. Almost all articles of general merchandise are selling at a loss, and holders are understood to have suffered.

Exchange is quoted at 108½ to 108¾ for bankers' bills—a rate which precludes heavy shipments of gold. The market is glutted with cotton bills, and, as usual on a declining gold market, importers remit no more than they can help. The cotton question gains interest daily. We in this country are holding back the cotton in the face of increasing supplies. In England, every effort is being made to force us to ship, and the Bank of England has already raised the rate to 8 per cent. in order to check investment in our securities. It remains to be seen whether we or they are the stronger. The old United States Bank, just thirty years ago, tried in the same way to "carry" the cotton crop, in order to keep up the price, and broke in the at-

tempt, carrying down with it nearly all the merchants of the country. We are richer and stronger now than then. If we can afford to ship no more cotton than is required to feed the Liverpool market to the extent of its actual consumption, we shall realize thrice as much for our cotton as we did when every surplus bale was sent to England as a matter of course. If, on the other hand, monetary disturbance here should compel holders to ship, a heavy decline would follow, and England would get the cotton she needs at so much the less. With regard to the prospects for 1866, very little can yet be said. The cotton circulars are not to be relied on. They are mostly issued by firms connected with the late pro-slavery interest, and the writers all seem to assume that no labor can be got out of the negro unless he be in a state of slavery. This much is certain: that the planters throughout the South are going to try to raise a great crop, and to rely exclusively on the West for food.

The following table will show the course of prices during the week in the stock, exchange, gold, and money markets:

	Jan. 13.	Jan. 20.	Advance.	Decline.
United States Sixes of 1881.....	104	104
5-20 Bonds, old.....	103½	103½	½
5-20 Bonds of 1865.....	101½	101½
10-40 Bonds.....	93½	92½	½
7-30 Notes, second series.....	98	98½	½
New York Central.....	93½	92½	1½
Erie Railway.....	91	87 ex d.
Hudson River.....	106	103½	2½
Reading Railroad.....	102½	101½	1
Michigan Southern.....	69	70	1
Cleveland and Pittsburg.....	77½	84½	7
Chicago and North-western.....	82	81½	½
" " Preferred.....	58½	58	½
Chicago and Rock Island.....	103½	102½	1
P., Fort Wayne, and Chicago.....	95	95½	½
Canton.....	43	44	1
Cumberland.....	42½	46½	4½
Mariposa.....	12½	14	1½
American Gold.....	139½	139	½
Bankers' Bills on London.....	108½	108½	½
Call Loans.....	7	5	2

The market has been feverish and variable throughout the week. Among speculators and investors the impression has generally prevailed that prices were going to decline. Railway earnings show a steady diminution, week after week, and it is now abundantly evident that the water-line of the Mississippi will next year resume its old share of the traffic from the West to the seaboard, at the expense of the roads running eastward from Chicago. Notwithstanding a reduction in freights which leaves little or nothing in the shape of profit to the carrier, the trunk lines are receiving less than usual, the farmers alleging that they had rather hold back their produce in the hope of a short crop in 1866, than ship it at present prices. Wealth is now as generally the rule among Western farmers as poverty was three or four years ago, and the national banks of that section are only too ready to carry produce for indefinite periods. A leading feature of the week has been a spasmodic advance in the shares of the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad Company. They sold ten days ago at 74½, yesterday at 84, and to-day as high as 90, closing at 84½. The Company paid 4 per cent. dividend last year, and to do that sold a million of stock at 80 per cent. It is generally understood that the new directors elected at the December meeting was pledged to adopt the policy of the Fort Wayne Company, with which the Cleveland and Pittsburg Company is practically associated for the next twenty-four years; and it is likewise understood that it is the policy of the former company to have the Pittsburg suspend dividends altogether for two years, until a connection is built with the Marietta and Cincinnati. Under these circumstances 50 would appear a high enough price for the stock. But so many speculators in Wall Street have undertaken to sell it short, that a clique has easily contrived to corner it and force up the price. In the end, it is far from probable that such cornering movements can prove profitable; but they prove none the less ruinous to the bears. Erie sold down to-day to 85 ex dividend, but closed at 87, with every appearance of renewed activity. The usual 4 per cent. dividend has been declared, much to the surprise of conservative friends of the property. The New York Central directors have declared a dividend of 3 per cent.; the stock declined, on the announcement, to 92. Among the soundest of the dividend-paying stocks the decline is marked; real holders appear to be converting them into money in order to be prepared for currency contraction. A movement has been inaugurated in Cumberland, which advanced 3 per cent. last week; a winter rise in this stock is usual. Atlantic and Pacific Mail both declined heavily during the week, on the prospect of a substantial opposition line.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

OFFICE, 135 BROADWAY.

Cash Capital, - - - - - \$2,000,000 00
Assets, 1st Jan., 1865, - - - - - 3,765,503 42
Liabilities, - - - - - 77,901 52

FIRE, MARINE, and INLAND INSURANCE.

Agencies at all important points throughout the United States.

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.

A. F. WILMARTH, Vice-President.

JOHN McGEE, Secretary.

J. H. WASHBURN, Assistant Secretary.

W. C. NICOLL, Superintendent Marine Department.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE NINTH NATIONAL BANK TO THE STOCKHOLDERS.

New York, January 9, 1866.

The Election was held this day, and the undersigned were unanimously re-elected Directors for the ensuing year. For this renewed and flattering expression of confidence on the part of the Stockholders, the Directors return their thanks.

The following is a

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE BANK,

TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 2, 1866.

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$3,596,645 63	Capital Stock.....	\$1,000,000 00
Government Securities.....	1,884,625 54	Surplus Profit after Paying	
Furniture and Fixtures.....	13,000 00	Dividend.....	192,204 56
Specie and Legal Tender.....	2,382,294 66	Dividends Unpaid.....	53,336 58
Checks and Bills on other		Circulation.....	894,940 00
Banks.....	959,171 71	Deposits.....	7,451,367 63
Due from Banks and Bankers..	756,111 23		
	\$9,591,848 77		\$9,591,848 77

In explanation we will say that, during the fiscal year, we have paid two Dividends of FIVE per cent. each, and the Government taxes, and now exhibit an actual SURPLUS, over and above all losses, expenses, and dividends, of NINETEEN per cent. on the CAPITAL STOCK.

From the earnings of the last six months we have applied \$50,000, that is, five per cent. on the Capital Stock, to the extinguishment of the premium account; and although the Stockholders do not get this five per cent. in a dividend, yet it is represented in the United States Stocks held by the Bank.

During the past year, your Bank became a member of the New York Clearing House Association, by a unanimous vote of that body.

We are able to report that your Bank has well fulfilled its patriotic mission of aiding the placing of the Government Loans. The amount of subscriptions to the 7.30s was Forty-three Millions, Two Hundred and Sixty-two Thousand, Three Hundred Dollars (\$43,262,300), this being the largest subscription taken by any one Bank. To appreciate this result, we would remark that had nineteen other banks taken each the same amount, the whole loan would have been taken by the twenty.

This gives us opportunity to say that, having served our beloved country in its hour of peril, we desire now to turn all our efforts to the securing in all legitimate and honorable ways the increase of our business with the community. To that end we invite the cordial co-operation of each Stockholder.

Our organization is now so well perfected as to give us all much satisfaction, and the relief from so much Government business gives our officers time to attend to individual dealers.

Our Deposits have been large, at times during the year reaching almost Twenty-one Millions of Dollars; but that was during the time the people were rushing to us with patriotic zeal to offer their money to their country. Now we can take the deposits of the business community; and we hold ourselves in readiness to DISCOUNT GOOD BUSINESS PAPER, payable at short dates. Such paper, being based on the sale of commodities, is in our opinion the safest business a bank can do.

DIRECTORS.

WILLIAM A. KOBBE,
GEO. A. WICKS,
GEO. A. FELLOWS,
CHAS. MINZESHEIMER,

THOMAS A. VVSE, JR.,
BARNET L. SOLOMON,
SOLOMON L. HULL,
J. O. WHITEHOUSE,

JOSEPH U. ORVIS.

JOHN T. HILL, Cashier.

JOSEPH U. ORVIS, President.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY BROOKLYN, N. Y.

OFFICES, 1 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

" 139 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - - \$1,000,000 00
ASSETS - - - - - 1,500,000 00

Insurance against Loss by Fire, Marine, Lake, Canal, and Inland Transportation.

STEPHEN CROWELL, President.

EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice-President.

PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

GREAT NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK.

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - \$1,400,000 00

THE UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

is one of those well-established and prudently managed Life Insurance Companies which distinguish this nation for enlightened benevolence, practical wisdom, and disinterested philanthropy. It offers superior advantages to the life-insuring public. It is based upon fundamental principles of soundness, and gives abundant security in large accumulated funds. Through the admirable economy of its management large dividends are secured to policy holders. It is prompt in payment of losses, and accommodates the assured in the settlement of their premiums in life policies by receiving a note for one-half when the premium amounts to over \$30.

THIS COMPANY offers PECULIAR ADVANTAGES to persons intending to ensure their lives.

Since its organization it has paid (chiefly to Widows and Orphans) for losses by death,

\$912,342 00,

and

\$412,748 00

in Dividends—a total of over

ONE AND A QUARTER MILLION

of Dollars, and now has, in its Capital and Accumulations, securely invested for the Payment of Losses and Dividends, a fund of

\$1,400,777 16.

This is one of the oldest wholly Mutual Life Insurance Companies in the United States, and has been uniformly successful, having always made large returns in Cash dividends to all the policy holders.

COMPETENT AGENTS WANTED.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 151 BROADWAY.

J. W. & H. JUDD, GENERAL AGENTS.

FIRE INSURANCE

With Participation in Profits.

NORTH AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE, 114 BROADWAY.

BRANCH OFFICE,

10 COOPER INSTITUTE, THIRD AVENUE.

INCORPORATED 1823.

CASH CAPITAL \$500,000 00

SURPLUS 251,653 11

Cash Capital and Surplus, Jan. 1, 1866, \$751,653 11.

Ensures Property against Loss or Damage by fire at usual rates, and the Assured participate in the Profits of the Business.

Policies issued and Losses paid at the Office of the Company, or at its various Agencies in the principal cities in the United States.

R. W. BLEECKER, Secretary.

JAMES W. OTIS, President.

THE

MORRIS FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE COMPANY,

COLUMBIAN BUILDING, 1 NASSAU STREET.

JUNE 1, 1865.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$5,000,000.

CASH CAPITAL, PAID IN, AND SURPLUS, \$885,040 57.

POLICIES OF INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE

Issued on the most Favorable Terms.

ELLIS R. THOMAS, Secretary.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, President.
ABRAM M. KIRBY, Vice-President.

Insurance Scrip.

WILLIAM C. GILMAN,

46 PINE STREET, NEW YORK,

BUYS AND SELLS INSURANCE SCRIP.

Thirty-first Dividend NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET,

JANUARY 10, 1866.

The Directors have This Day declared a Semi-Annual Dividend of

SIX PER CENT.,

FREE OF U. S. TAX

(Reserving all unexpired premiums), payable on and after MONDAY, the 15th inst.
P. NOTMAN, Secretary. J. D. STEELE, President.

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET.

CASH CAPITAL INCREASED TO \$1,000,000
SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865, 275,253

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

CHARTERED 1850.

Cash Dividends paid in fourteen years, 248 per cent.

P. NOTMAN, Secretary.

JONATHAN D. STEELE, President.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.'S

Celebrated Gold Medal

GRAND,

SQUARE,

AND

UPRIGHT

PIANOS.

These instruments have been for thirty years before the public, in competition with other instruments of first class makers. They have, throughout that long period, maintained their reputation among the profession and the public as being unsurpassed in every quality found in a first-class Piano.

650 BROADWAY,

AND

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL.

J. BAUER & CO., Agents.

SPECIAL GOLD MEDAL.

(From Watson's Weekly Art Journal.)

AWARDS TO MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—A Gold Medal was awarded, at the late Fair of the American Institute, to CARHART, NEEDHAM & CO., for the best Reed Instrument on exhibition—a most just testimonial.

"They are an exceedingly good substitute for an Organ, and I can speak of them in the highest terms."

GEO. W. MORGAN.

"I have found them to be the finest Instruments of the class I ever saw."

GEO. F. BISTOW.

"They are entitled to be ranked as the first and best among instruments of their class."

WM. A. KING.

"The tone is incomparable, and they are far in advance of any other instrument of a similar kind."

CHARLES FRADEL.

THE PARLOR ORGAN,

with the recent improvements of Mr. J. Carhart, is, with out exception, far superior in QUALITY, POWER, SWEETNESS, VARIETY and EXPRESSION OF TONE, DURABILITY OF CONSTRUCTION, ELEGANCE OF CASE—POSSESSING IMPROVEMENTS APPLIED BY US ONLY.

A Descriptive Catalogue and Price List sent by mail.

CARHART, NEEDHAM & CO.,

97 East Twenty-third St., New York.

DECKER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF PIANO-FORTES,

419 BROOME STREET,

One Block East of Broadway, N. Y.

These Pianos stand unrivalled in regard to their singing quality; volume and purity of tone; sympathetic-elastic, and even touch; and durability of construction which enables them to remain in tune much longer than ordinary Pianos.

AMERICAN WATCHES.

J. H. JOHNSTON & CO., 150 BOWERY, N. Y., sell at lowest rates

American Gold and Silver Watches,
English Lever Watches,
Fine Swiss Watches.

The handsomest Detached Lever Watch in the market for \$25.

PURE GOLD WEDDING RINGS.

Fine Jewelry, diamonds, silver ware, and best quality silver-plated ware of our own manufacture. Articles sent free of expense to all parts of the country, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Copartnership Notice.

The undersigned have associated, under the firm title of OLMSTED, VAUX & CO., for the business of furnishing Designs and Superintendence for Buildings and Grounds, and other Architectural and Engineering Works, including the Laying-out of Towns, Villages, Parks, Cemeteries, and Gardens.

FRED. LAW OLMSTED,
CALVERT VAUX,
FRED'K C. WITHERS.

110 Broadway,
New York, January 1, 1866.

Pacific Mail Steamship Company's THROUGH LINE

TO CALIFORNIA, TOUCHING AT MEXICAN PORTS,

AND CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL,

Leave Pier No. 42 North River, foot of Canal Street, at 12 o'clock noon, on the 1st, 11th, and 21st of every month (except when those dates fall on Sunday, and then on the preceding SATURDAY), for ASPINWALL, connecting, via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's steamships from Panama for SAN FRANCISCO, touching at ACAPULCO.

DECEMBER.

1st.—HENRY CHAUNCEY, Captain Gray, connecting with CONSTITUTION, Captain Farnsworth.

11th.—ATLANTIC, Captain Maury, connecting with GOLDEN CITY, Captain Bradbury.

21st.—NEW YORK, Captain Horner, connecting with COLORADO, Captain Watkins.

Departures of 1st and 21st connect at Panama with steamers for SOUTH PACIFIC PORTS. Those of 1st touch at MANZANILLO.

Through Passage Rates, in Currency.

FIRST CABIN, SECOND CABIN, STEERAGE,

ON STEAMERS....\$325. \$225. \$100.

Panama Railroad ticket invariably \$25 additional, in currency.

A discount of ONE-FIFTH from steamers' rates allowed to second-cabin and steerage passengers with families.

One Hundred Pounds Baggage allowed each adult. Baggage masters accompany baggage through, and attend to ladies and children without male protectors. Baggage received on the dock the day before sailing, from steamboats, railroads, and passengers, who prefer to send down early.

An experienced Surgeon on Board. Medicines and attendance free.

A steamer will be placed on the line January 1, 1866, to run from NEW ORLEANS to ASPINWALL, via HAVANA.

For Passage tickets or further information apply at the Company's ticket office, on the wharf foot of Canal Street, North River.

F. W. G. BELLOWES, AGENT.

WILLIAM SELLERS & CO.,

1,600 HAMILTON STREET, PHILADELPHIA

MACHINISTS', FOUNDERS', SMITHS' and BOILER-MAKERS' TOOLS.

SHAFTING, with Ball and Socket Bearings and Double Cone Vice-Couplings, admitting of the easiest possible adjustment.

A complete assortment of PULLEY and WHEEL PATTERNS, from which Castings or finished work will be furnished.

RAILWAY EQUIPMENTS, TURNING and TRANSFER TABLES, and PIVOT BRIDGES.

Sole Manufacturers and Licensees of

GIFFARD'S INJECTOR,

For Feeding Boilers.

WILLIAM SELLERS.

JOHN SELLERS, JR.

FRANCIS & LOUTREL,

45 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK,

STATIONERS, STEAM PRINTERS

AND

BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

Supply everything in their line at lowest prices. Every kind of Writing Paper, Account Books, Fancy and Staple Stationery, Diaries for 1866, Expense Books, etc. Orders solicited.

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK,

27 & 29 PINE ST., NEW YORK,

Has for sale U. S. 7-10 Notes, all sizes; also, One Year Certificates and all other Government Loans.

P. C. CALHOUN, President.

B. SEAMAN, Cashier.

ANTHONY LANE, Asst. Cashier.

E. W. CLARK & CO.,

BANKERS AND BROKERS,

35 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT BONDS AND TREASURY NOTES, CERTIFICATES

OF INDEBTEDNESS, QUARTERMASTERS' VOUCHERS,

COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES.

STOCKS and BONDS of all kinds BOUGHT and SOLD on COMMISSION.

THE BEST SEWING-MACHINES IN THE WORLD.

THE WEED MACHINES,

With all their valuable improvements, entirely overcome all imperfections. They are superior to all others for family and manufacturing purposes, simple in construction, durable in all their parts, and readily understood. They have certainty of stitch on all kinds of fabrics, and are adapted to a wide range of work without change or adjustment, using all kinds of thread. Will hem, fell, bind, gather, braid, tuck, quilt, cord, and, in fact, do all kinds of work required by families or manufacturers. We invite all persons in search of an instrument to execute any kind of sewing now done by machinery to inspect them, and recommend all parties engaging in the sale of sewing-machines to make sure they secure the best by examining the WEED before purchasing. They make the shuttle-stitch, which cannot be excelled for firmness, elasticity, durability, and elegance of finish. They have received the highest premiums in every instance where they have been exhibited in competition with other standard machines. The company being duly licensed, the machines are protected against infringements or litigation.

Reliable agents wanted, to whom we offer great inducements. Every explanation will be cheerfully given to all, whether they wish to purchase or not. Descriptive circulars, together with specimens of their work, will be furnished to all who desire them by mail or otherwise.

WEED SEWING-MACHINE CO.,

STORE, 506 BROADWAY, N. Y.

GROVER & BAKER'S

SEWING MACHINES

WERE AWARDED THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS

At the State Fairs of

New York,	Illinois,	Virginia,
New Jersey,	Michigan,	N. Carolina,
Vermont,	Wisconsin,	Tennessee,
Pennsylvania,	Iowa,	Alabama,
Ohio,	Kentucky,	Oregon,
Indiana,	Missouri,	California,

And at numerous Institute and County Fairs, including all the Fairs at which they were exhibited the past three years.

The GROVER & BAKER ELASTIC-STITCH SEWING MACHINE is superior to all others, for the following reasons:

1. The seam is stronger and more elastic than any other.
2. It is more easily managed, and is capable of doing a greater variety and range of work than any other.
3. It is capable of doing all the varieties of sewing done by other machines, and, in addition, executes beautiful embroidery and ornamental work.

GROVER & BAKER S. M. CO.,

495 Broadway, New York.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.,

505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE BEST FAMILY MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

Wonderful REVERSIBLE FEED MOTION. SELF-ADJUSTING Tension. No Snarling and Breaking Threads. Four distinct Stitches.

FINKLE & LYON'S

IMPROVED

LOCK-STITCH SEWING-MACHINE.

N. B.—Money refunded if the Machine is not preferred to any in market for family use.

AGENTS WANTED.

538 Broadway, N. Y.

Economical Housekeepers Use

PYLE'S SALERATUS.

PYLE'S O. K. SOAP.

PYLE'S CREAM TARTAR.

PYLE'S BLUEING POWDER.

Articles designed for all who want the best goods, full weight. Sold by best Grocers everywhere. Each package bears the name of JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, New York

SCHOOL FURNITURE!

Lecture-Room and Sabbath-School Settees

IN EVERY STYLE,

MANUFACTURED BY

ROBERT PATON,

24 GROVE STREET, NEW YORK.

Make Your Own Soap with B. T. BABBITT'S Potash, in tin cans, 70 Washington Street, New York. Pure Concentrated Potash or Ready Soap Maker. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in the market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

B. T. BABBITT,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington St., N. Y.

DEMULCENT SOAP,

FOR CHAPPED AND TENDER HANDS,

FOR TOILET AND BATH USE.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

J. C. HULL'S SON,

23 PARK ROW, N. Y.

Upwards of 100 styles of Toilet and Staple Soaps. For sale by all Dealers.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,

635 BROADWAY, N. Y.,

MAKE THE

LOCK-STITCH,

and rank highest on account of the elasticity, permanence, beauty, and general desirableness of the stitching, when done, and the wide range of its application.—*Report of American Institute.*

Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines

FOR FAMILIES AND MANUFACTURERS.

THE HOWE MACHINE COMPANY,

ELIAS HOWE, Jr., Pres.,

629 BROADWAY.

Agents wanted.

COOKING AND HEATING BY GAS.

EAGLE GAS COOKING STOVES AND RANGES,

GUARANTEED TO BAKE PERFECTLY.

HEATING STOVES, GUARANTEED TO HEAT ROOMS PERFECTLY.

Also,

KEROSENE OIL COOKING STOVES,

The best in market, have regular SIDE OVENS, and guaranteed to BAKE PERFECTLY, and not to Smoke or Smell.

EAGLE GAS STOVE MFG. CO.

474 Broadway, N. Y.

Illustrated Catalogues sent free.

Improvements in Piano-fortes.

One of the simplest and most truly valuable improvements yet made in the Piano-forte is that invented and patented by

DECKER BROTHERS, 91 BLEECKER STREET, in this city. By correcting the only imperfections arising from the use of the full iron-plate, and that, too, by not detracting in the slightest degree from its many positive advantages, the Messrs. DECKER have developed in their instruments a tone at once admirable for its purity, fullness, prolongation, and sweetness, and the high estimation in which their improvement is held is well shown in the rapidly increasing business of their firm.—*Tribune.*

MARVIN'S

PATENT FIRE AND BURGLAR SAFE.

Superior to any others in the following particulars

They are more fire-proof.

They are more burglar-proof.

They are perfectly dry.

They do not lose their fire-proof qualities by age.

Manufactured only by

MARVIN & CO., 265 Broadway.

731 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Send for a descriptive Circular.

NEW YORK

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

112 AND 114 BROADWAY.

This is one of the oldest institutions of the kind in America, having been chartered in 1841, and commenced business in May, 1845.

EVERY ONE SHOULD ENSURE.

While we live we may protect those dependent upon us; but when death severs the tie of all others most dear, it is a consolation to know that our prudence and foresight have made provision for the wants to which we can no longer minister; and the man who has the power, and neglects the opportunity, of providing in this way for the comfort and independence of his family, falls in the duty which he owes to them and himself. Therefore let every one who has not obtained a policy of Insurance upon his life no longer neglect this imperative duty. GREAT CARE SHOULD BE MANIFESTED IN THE SELECTION OF A COMPANY. The

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Offers the following highly important essentials:

It is a strictly Mutual Company;

It has had Twenty Years' Business Experience;

It has large Accumulated Assets;

It gives Liberal Assistance in the payment of Premiums;

Its Dividends are declared Annually;

It is prompt in the Payment of all Losses.

IN FACT,

Special care in the selection of its risks, strict economy, and a safe and judicious investment of its funds, emphatically characterize the management of this Company. Assets over

\$4,500,000.

Annual Dividend, January 1, 1865,

50 PER CENT.

Amount Returned Premiums (Dividends) paid,

\$1,700,000.

Amount Claims by Death paid,

\$3,500,000.

During its existence it has issued

Over 36,000 Policies.

TEN-YEARS NON-FORFEITING POLICIES.

The *New York Life Insurance Company* originated, and was the first to bring before the public, the *Ten-Year Non-forfeiting Plan*, which has so fully commended itself to the judgment of thinking men that it has become the most popular mode of assurance, and is rapidly superseding the old method of life-long payment. It has received *THE UNQUALIFIED APPROVAL OF THE BEST BUSINESS MEN OF THE LAND*, large numbers of whom have taken out Policies under it as an investment.

TEN-YEARS NON-FORFEITING PLAN.

A Party ensuring by this table, after the second year, cannot forfeit any part of what has been paid in, and his policy becomes a source of income to him while living.

ANOTHER NEW FEATURE.

TEN-YEARS NON-FORFEITURE ENDOWMENT POLICIES.

A party ensuring by this table the amount is received by the assured himself, upon his attaining a specified age, while full provision is made for death occurring prior thereto. As a sure and profitable investment for one's declining years, they deserve the attention of all. These policies are coming into general request. *The New York Life Insurance Company* have recently prepared *A NEW TABLE BY WHICH THE PREMIUMS CAN ALL BE PAID IN TEN YEARS AND THE NON-FORFEITURE BENEFIT ALSO SECURED.*

POLICIES ISSUED IN ALL THE USUAL FORMS.

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.

ISAAC C. KENDALL, Vice-Pres't.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Actuary.

Parties desirous of acting as Agents will please apply personally or by letter.

UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER, WITH COG-WHEELS.

The World's Fair in London, the Mechanics' Institute, and Eleven State Fairs have decided that the U. C. W. is THE BEST.

We also WARRANT IT THE BEST and most durable Wringer made. Over 200,000 have been sold, and each family can testify to its superior merits.

"It saves its cost in clothing every year."—ORANGE JUDD.

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